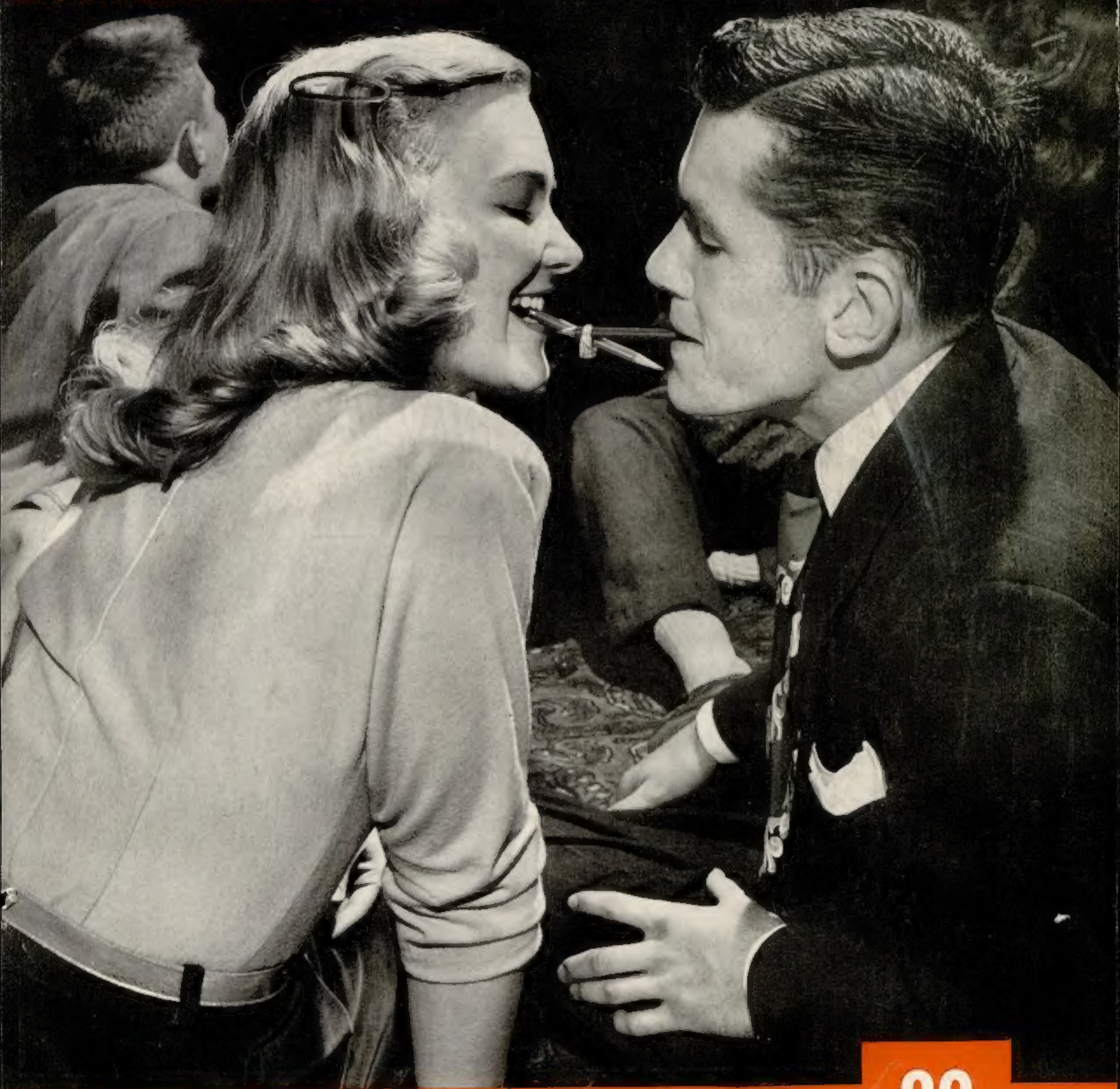


LIFE

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PASSING THE RING



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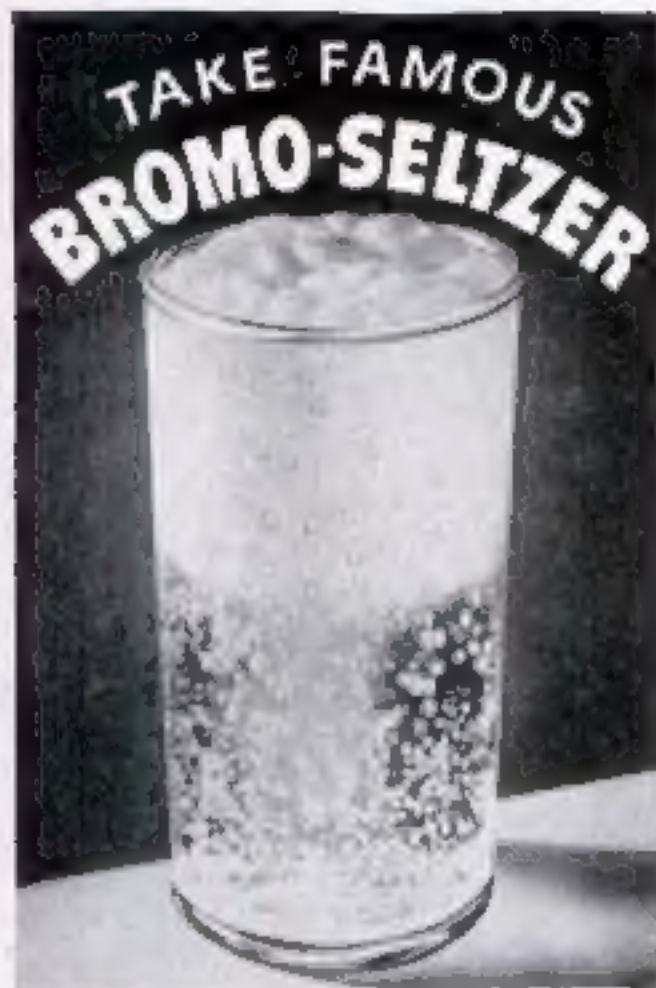
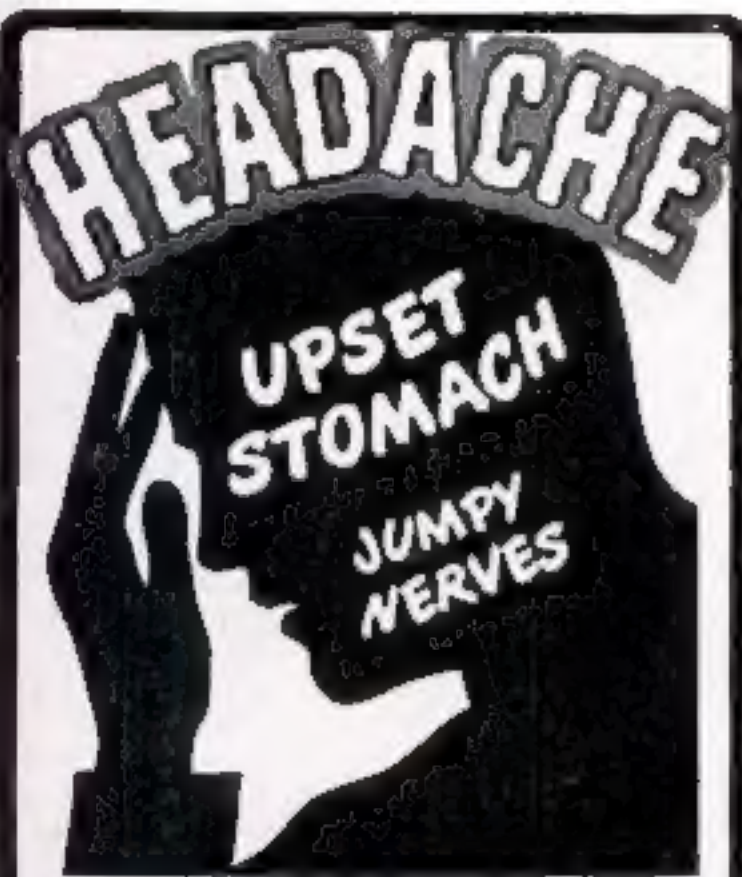
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One of the many differences is this label



Apron, bowl and appliance covers



Garment bags, closet accessories

THERE are 100-odd transparent and colored films on the market—and many of them are very odd indeed. But there is only one Koroseal flexible material; it is made by B. F. Goodrich and every article made of Koroseal by licensed manufacturers must meet the highest B. F. Goodrich standards. To guarantee to you that it *has*, every article carries a prominent Koroseal label.

It is Koroseal flexible material that is permanently waterproof, cannot ab-

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 'Tis the season to be jolly — with
America's traditional favorite
Swift's Premium Ham





LIKE A RAZOR CUT THROUGH SCRUBBY WASTELAND, ONE OF BERNARDO SAYÃO CARVALHO ARAUJO'S ROADS RUNS NORTH THROUGH THE FRONTIER STATE OF GOIÁS

PIONEERS IN BRAZIL

Far in the Amazon's hinterland an energetic road builder is carving a booming new colony from the jungle

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

John Dos Passos, currently on a LIFE assignment in Brazil, recently flew far up the Amazon to visit the man who heads a vast colonization project in the wild new state of Goiás. His report:

We were in the new state of Goiás, almost exactly in the center of Brazil, standing beside a new gravel road that cut straight into dusty distance in either direction. Behind us was the ragged airstrip and all around a rolling country of high scrub vegetation that shimmered in the heat. The sun already high beat down on us hard as hail so we took cover under the porch of a long hut thatched with palm leaves. Inside there was a counter and some shelves of groceries and a pale sweaty-looking heavy-set man with a week's growth of stubble on his chin.

The first thing I asked was, "Is Sayão at the Colônia Agrícola?" "He is," said the pale man enthusiastically. He explained that we still had three leagues to go. How long was a league here? Six kilometers. We must be patient. They would have seen the plane and would send out for us from the colony. Sayão always sent out for people. Sayão attended to everything.

The pale man was a Russian, from the Ukraine. He'd lived 21 years in Brazil. He'd been making big money in São Paulo as a machinist but when he heard about the colony and the road into the north he'd moved out here. He went in back behind a bamboo partition and brought out a diving helmet. Gold, he said, rolling his bloodshot gray eyes; he dove in the rivers for gold. He held up his thumb and forefinger and rubbed them together vigorously.

A cloud of dust that had been coming toward us down the road turned out to contain a bus on its way to the colony. We were fitted in among dogs and bundles and crates of fowl and went grinding off through the shabby dry-season jungle. After a while we began to pass clearings where huge stumps and the skeletons of felled trees still smoldered from the burning over, then thatched shelters, a few half-finished houses of brick. Then we drove downhill through a broad street of low houses which were mostly stores, crossed a green river, on a floating bridge supported on clusters of oil drums lashed together, and were deposited in front of a set of new brick walls that were marked Grande Hotel Ceres. We picked our way past the bricklayers, stepping over planking heaped with fresh mortar and found that the dining room and a few small alcoves were completed so the hotel was open for business. The landlady

spoke English. She came from the northern part of Bohemia, she said. She'd been waiting for them to finish the hotel. The place to wash was outside in the yard, two enameled basins on a soapy board and a gasoline can full of water. When we settled down to eat I asked the landlady where Sayão was. She didn't know. He was a hard man to put your finger on. Never stayed in one place. She'd send a boy over with a message.

After we'd eaten the usual meal of rice and beans and meat we strolled around the village of Ceres. The gravel highway swung through the bottom of a wide valley cleared halfway up the hillsides. In every direction among the tree stumps straggled clumps of unfinished brick houses. Everywhere bricklayers were working, framing was going up. You caught glimpses against the sky of the bare brown backs of men setting the tiles on the roofs. On the tops of all the hills around the great scraggly trees of the ruined jungle crowded rank on rank against the edges of the clearings.

We kept asking for Sayão. "He can't be far," people would smile and say. At Sayão's office in the barrack next to the machine shop that kept his road-building machinery in order we tried to get a skinny young engineer to explain some of the workings of the colony to us but he begged off saying that Dr. Sayão would explain it so much better when he came. Where the devil was Sayão? One man pointed north, another pointed south. How could you tell? A stocky little man with long blond eartabs combed down from under a pith helmet had driven up in a jeep while we were talking. Sayão was in Amaro Leite. That was a town, a sort of a town. In the north, far in the north. He would be back this afternoon, he announced. *Era certo*. How far was Amaro Leite? The stocky man spread out his arms. *Uma infinidade de léguas*. . . . An infinity of leagues.

By the time we got back to the Grande Hotel Ceres it was so dark that we had a hard time finding it. No word from Sayão. The dining room was jammed with men eating by the light of two lanterns and a candle. Everybody was eating fast and talking fast. The dim light glinted in eager eyes, on sweating cheekbones. When I went out with a lantern to wash my face there was a man ahead of me with a straw-colored beard who wore a large pearl earring in one ear. The night was already cool. From somewhere came a smell of Cape jasmine. Down in the dark valley an accordion was playing and a voice was singing a samba.

We were all up at daylight standing around outside the office beside the repair shop in the valley with the construc-



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I've discovered the longer, finer cigarette

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PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

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OUTSTANDING

-and
they
are
mild!



LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

tion foremen. There were bulldozers and yellow road patrols. The place looked like a construction camp in the States. "No, he's not back yet."

"Yes he is," said one young man. "He got in from Amaro Leite at half past one."

"He'll be along any minute."

"Isn't it early?"

"He never gets tired. He sleeps while he drives." The man let his head droop on his shoulder and made a gesture of spinning the wheel.

A sedan drove up with a pretty girl in white in the front seat. A handsome young man in his shirtsleeves slipped out from behind the wheel and walked toward us with his hand held out.

"Sayão at your service," he said. He rubbed his hand over his rough chin and added apologetically that the barber was looking for him. He wasn't quite up to scratch this morning. He'd eaten some beans and *mandioca* meal in Amaro Leite that hadn't set well. He'd be all right, let's go. He waved us into the back seat of the sedan and introduced the pretty girl as his eldest daughter.

We could see that Sayão was a good deal older than he looked at first glance. His eyes were a little bloodshot from the late driving yesterday and there were fine lines around them. As he drove he leaned back over the seat to tell us about the colony.

Four years ago there was nothing here but the jungle. This was part of the federal government's colonization plan. He'd been put in charge though he'd spent his life building roads. His pleasure had been in the fabrication of highways. In São Paulo mostly. It was the kind of outdoor life he liked.

"How many families have moved in already?" we asked.

"Around 3,000. . . . This is cellular colonization, a lot of people crowding round a center. . . ."

"The state land office says there are 30,000 people in the region."

"That includes settlers outside the colony. . . . They pour in all the time. . . . What we need, I'm beginning to think, is strip colonization to build roads and settle the land on either side."

"How does one man and his family ever get started hacking down the jungle?"

"It was hard for the settlers the first year," Sayão explained. They started out camping under a tree. There was an institution in these parts known as *mutirão*. You got together some food and raw rum and a guitar and invited all the neighbors in. They worked like fiends all day and in the evening they had a party. All the heaviest work was done that way. The next thing was to put up a shack of bamboo and palm thatch. Then after a year you were beginning to get a little food out of the beans and rice and *mandioca* and sweet potatoes you planted.

As Sayão talked he pointed out little shacks in the clearings on either side of the valley. "Our land is so cool and moist you can grow rice without irrigation. . . . When they get a little cash from a crop they buy bricks and build themselves a better house like that fellow over there." He pointed out a white house with an arched veranda, beside a clump of huge trees. "Then they buy some cattle and clear more land and sell the timber to the sawmill and buy shoes. . . . Coffee does magnificently here. We are planting Colombian-type coffee for the American market."

Already we had left the settlements behind and were charging north up the straight gravel road through the shaggy jungle. Sayão drove with one hand, turning back to talk to us as if he knew the road so well he didn't have to look at it. Sometimes he took both hands off the wheel to make a gesture. The car would plunge and swerve but he would yank it back without turning a hair. "Here's where we get our gravel. Grazing land to be, but it's full of gravel. . . . We get all we need for the road." Whenever he spoke of the road his voice took on an affectionate tone as if he were speaking of one of his children.

Blue mesas began to rise up in the distance. We stopped at a construction camp beyond the Rio São Patrícia. "Now Papa, you can't go too far," the pretty daughter was saying. "You have that government commission flying in this afternoon." He gave her the look of a small boy called in from a ball game. "All right," he said, "but at least I can show them on the map."

The construction camp had an up-to-date air. In part of a shack fitted up neatly as an office Sayão strode up to the map of Brazil on the wall. He pointed with his forefinger to the mouth of the Amazon. "The object is to open up communications with Pará. Our northern port will be the city of Belém. That will give us two markets for our produce. From the railhead at Anápolis to Belém we have 2,400 kilometers to go. We've come 340. Nine hundred kilometers of it will be by water on the Rio Tocantins. Landing barges to carry the trucks are being negotiated for right now in the States."

When he slammed the car into the gravel road again Sayão looked as if he had half a mind to turn north anyway. "Now Papa. . . ." said the pretty daughter. He leaned toward us over the seat with a rueful smile. "You come back in two years," he said. "Then I'll drive you clear to Belém."



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To make sure it can, we test samples of each day's production and put telephones through the equivalent of years of service in a few hours or days. For example: we drop handsets into their cradles 22,000 times—equal to 4 years' normal use. We even check their feet to be certain they won't scratch your table.

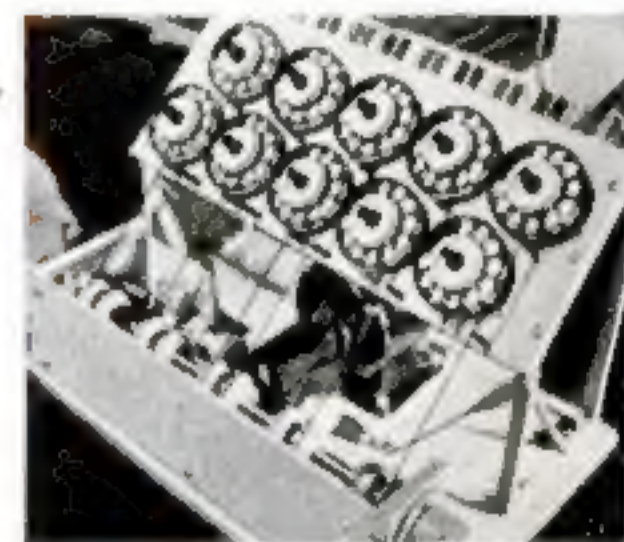
Here at Western Electric, we've been making

Bell telephones since 1882. But telephones themselves are only about 6% of the equipment used in your service. The other 94% includes wire, cable, switchboards, trucks, poles, tools, office equipment. With the exception of buildings, we make or supply almost everything Bell telephone people use—and test it with utmost care.

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A UNIT OF THE BELL  SYSTEM SINCE 1882



LAVISH VICTORIAN DRAWING ROOM (above) of *The Gold Coast* was modeled after that of a famous car once owned by Leland Stanford. The car has a green marble fireplace, three spacious staterooms and three separate lighting sys-

tems. Owners hook it on to regular passenger trains for travel about the country (round trip, San Francisco-New York: about \$4,000). On a recent run, car's housekeeper tried in vain to keep out train passengers who thought it was another diner.





"THE GOLD COAST" SITS ON A NEVADA SIDING

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... PRIVATE RAILROAD CARS ARE ALMOST EXTINCT, ALAS

The plush equipment shown here is the last remnant of a slowly vanishing species. In their heyday private railroad cars endowed their owners with a kind of stately glory that is rarely seen today. The palatial cars of the 1890s and 1900s may have been less comfortable than modern streamliners, but their stained glass, wood inlay and marble trimmings satisfied Victorian yearnings for elegance. Commodore Vanderbilt's son William had a private car embellished with a mural of Niagara Falls. The car of "Bet a Million" Gates had a pipe organ to soften the clicking sound of the rails. Private cars were also used by Henry Ford, Barbara Hutton, Cissie Patterson and Ignace Paderewski. At one time the Pullman Company had a fleet of excursion cars which could be chartered for as little as \$25 a day (including service), and for slightly higher fees a hunting car could be rented with kennel space for six dogs. Possibly the ultimate in this line was reached when Charlie Clark, son of a Montana senator, gave his wife a private car reputedly worth \$350,000 so that she could take her dogs along on her travels.

In the last generation, however, rising costs and the advent of private airplanes have brought about the decline of private railroad cars. Some of them have been remodeled into simple "business cars" owned by corporations for the use of traveling executives. Many have fallen into disrepute and are used for such ignominious duties as temporary freight stations and work sheds. Today only two known holdovers from the proud past remain in private hands. One is *The Gold Coast* (opposite), a 40-year-old car recently bought and redecorated by Railroad Fanciers Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg (below), who use it for easygoing travel about the western U.S. while studying and writing about their hobby. The other is the *Loretto* (right), originally owned by Steel Magnate Charles Schwab and now the property of a South Carolina textile manufacturer named Elliott White Springs, who occasionally uses it to entertain visiting dignitaries on his own 30-mile-long private railroad line.



CO-OWNERS CLEGG (LEFT), BEEBE DINE IN THEIR PRIVATE CAR

← DINING SALON of *The Gold Coast* is served from a well-appointed kitchen and a 45-bottle wine cellar. Chandeliers have to be wired to ceiling to prevent breakage.



BEDROOM OF THE "LORETTO" (above) was decorated by car's original owner Schwab with pink rosebuds and an oil portrait of his wife. Present owner Springs (below, center) entertains guests at lunch. Car's accouterments include a marble bathtub.



This One



6TZZ-2QW-YRYL

SEE NEXT PAGE

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"See...I always carry TUMS!"



Holiday food is hard to resist! So it's wise to remember: The more delicious the food, the more you may need Tums — because you may overindulge. For almost instant relief from acid indigestion, gas and heartburn, take Tums just like candy mints, as often as needed. They contain no baking soda bicarbonate — absolutely none! No danger of overalkalizing, no acid rebound. Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums. Still only 10¢ a roll — 3-roll package, a quarter. All drugstores.

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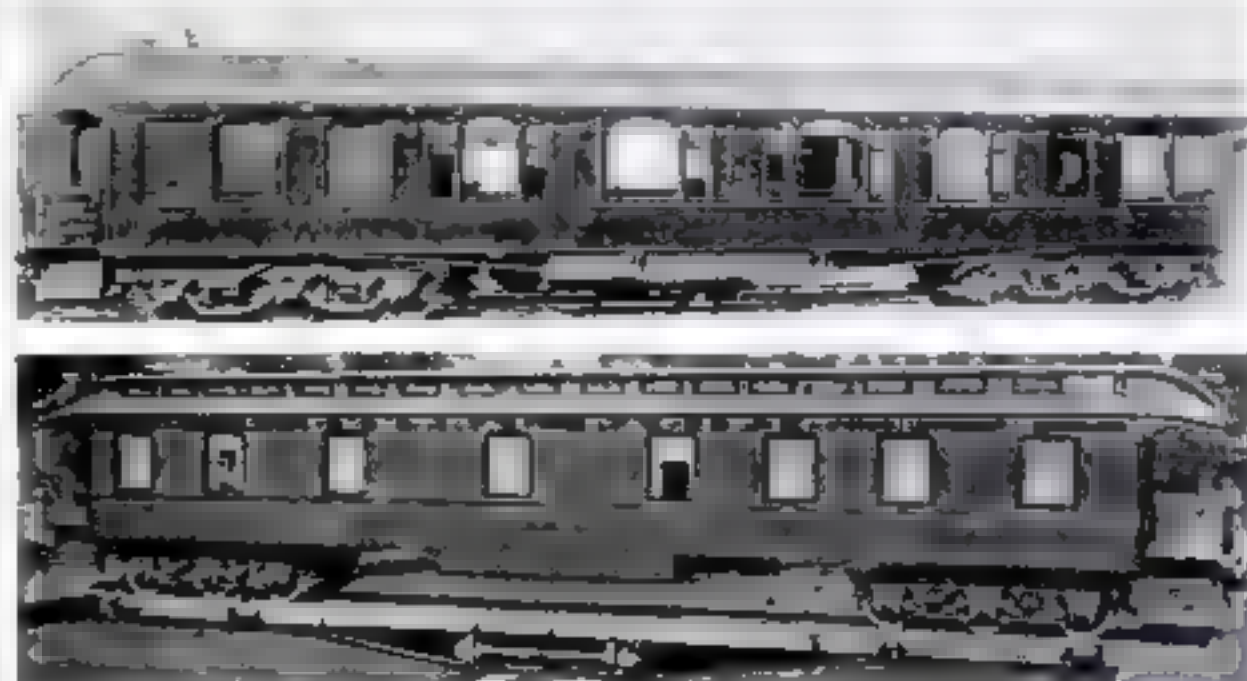
for the tummy

✓Try one or two Tums after breakfast. See if you don't feel better!

NR TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable **NR** Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25¢ box today.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



TWO FAMOUS PRIVATE CARS were George Pullman's (top), for which 15 woodcarvers were hired to decorate the inside, and the Stanford (bottom) after which *The Gold Coast* (previous pages) was copied.



PRESIDENTIAL TRAVEL was once more colorful. Grover Cleveland's own narrow gauge car (center) is now used for sightseeing tours in Pennsylvania. Truman's car (above) is businesslike, unornamented.



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JUICY TANGERINES, the "Fruit of Youth" from Florida—how they liven things up in your home! In your living room fruit bowls, in lunch-boxes, salads, they bring sparkle and color and fun. New life for tired menus. New life to all appetites. New life in those youngsters' eyes.

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OF HEALTH AND
SUNSHINE

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
LAKELAND, FLORIDA



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"THE FRUIT OF YOUTH"

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MODEST TITAN

Sirs:

I read your story about *The Boy with Green Hair* (LIFE, Dec. 6) and the headline reminded me very much of an old story about Samson Raphaelson. In his solid days Sam got himself a yacht and a captain's uniform to wear on the yacht. When his old, realistic mother met him wearing his uniform, she asked who he was dressed as. He replied, "I'm a captain." She said to him, "I know, son—to me you're a captain, to your wife you're a captain, to your friends you're a captain—but tell me, to a captain are you a captain?"

Much in the same manner I say, "To you I'm a titan, to my children I'm a titan, but tell me, to a titan am I a titan?"

DORE SCHARY

Culver City, Calif.

● The parent company of M-G-M, of which Mr. Schary is executive head of production, had total assets last year of \$230,000,000.—ED.

ROYAL GENETICS

Sirs:

If Farouk and the shah ("Sorrow in Islam," LIFE, Nov. 29) had consulted any good geneticist they would realize that a child's sex is determined solely by the male parent. Having proved their ability to bear children, the "two lovely Moslem queens" could do no more. If failure to produce male heirs was "the main source of trouble" two new queens will not improve the royal chances by a single chromosome.

JOHN HUNTER DETMOLD

Aurora-on-Cayuga, N.Y.

Sirs:

Isn't that just like a man—blaming it on the woman.

R. STASNY

Lansing, Ill.

TAFT-HARTLEY

Sirs:

In your editorial on the Taft-Hartley Act (LIFE, Nov. 29), which supposedly was unbiased, you mentioned that the only grievances the unions had against the act were "certain Taft-Hartley gunnicks," such as not knowing how the act would affect labor in a time of rising unemployment. Would one of these gunnicks be that the act could be made stricter toward labor but not toward management? . . .

NAME WITHHELD

Auburn, Maine

Sirs:

Why scuttle the Taft-Hartley law? During the first year after its enactment it has reduced strikes by more than one third of what they were previous to its passage. It reduced the loss of man-days in strikes by more than 15 million. This translated into dollars means that the laboring classes were many million dollars ahead.

Labor has not been denied the right to bargain collectively, the right to strike, the right to belong to a union or not belong, as the workman sees fit. Under the law, labor has never been better paid than during the past year.

Are the political cohorts, flushed with victory, determined to sabotage a fine piece of legislation because it was passed over the objection of the occupant of the White House?

F. T. CAMPBELL

Los Gatos, Calif.

Sirs:

After all of the effort and expenditure to defeat those who made the Taft-Hartley Bill law, only about 20% of them were defeated. . . .

WALTER W. STRONG

Long Beach, Calif.

BOBBY CLARK'S LEGS

Sirs:

Please reverse the "anatomical anomaly" on page 89 (LIFE, Nov. 29) and show us who owns the "prettiest pair of legs" in *As the Girls Go*.

JOHN D. COMSTOCK

Hartford, Conn.



BOBBY CLARK: TWO VIEWS

"THE SNAKE PIT"

Sirs:

As a registered nurse who has had three months' experience in a state mental hospital, I was extremely interested in the movie version of *The Snake Pit* (LIFE, Nov. 29). The gloomy hospital building is a bare, lonely, terrible place—so accurate a picture of the New York state hospital I worked in that I was shocked.

You say the conditions it shows are those of a state asylum neither as good as some nor as bad as those in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The people of New York state should realize that the conditions in their own hospitals for the mentally ill are equally as bad, if not worse than those pictured in *The Snake Pit*.

I could write pages about the horrible things I saw in one mental hospital, but I can only say here that I hope this excellent movie will drive the facts home to the public.

NAME WITHHELD

Hicksville, N.Y.

HATS

Sirs:

Mary Cooper, who plays the nurse in *Harvey*, raved so much about the new Sally Victor hat (LIFE, Nov. 29) that when she had a birthday last week



A Record-Making
Downhill Skier
Travels 200 Yards
In 8.7 Seconds...
But In Only

TWO SECONDS



Bayer Aspirin
Is Ready To Go
To Work!

MAKE THIS TEST!

To see how fast Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work, drop it in a glass of water and time its disintegrating speed. What happens in the glass, happens in your stomach.



Fast relief is important when you have an ordinary headache—or are suffering from the pains of neuritis or neuralgia. And amazingly fast relief is what Bayer Aspirin gives you. Just drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water... "clock" its disintegrating speed...and you'll see why. For it starts to disintegrate in *two seconds*—actually is ready to go to work almost instantly!

In addition, its remarkable effectiveness and wonderful gentleness are

also important to you. And records show that Bayer Aspirin's single active ingredient is so effective doctors regularly prescribe it for pain relief...is so gentle to the system they have mothers give it even to small children.

Keep these points in mind whenever you buy something to ease pain. And don't forget that Bayer Aspirin's record of use by millions of normal people—without ill effect—is matched by no other pain reliever. So ask for Bayer Aspirin.

***Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect... one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine**

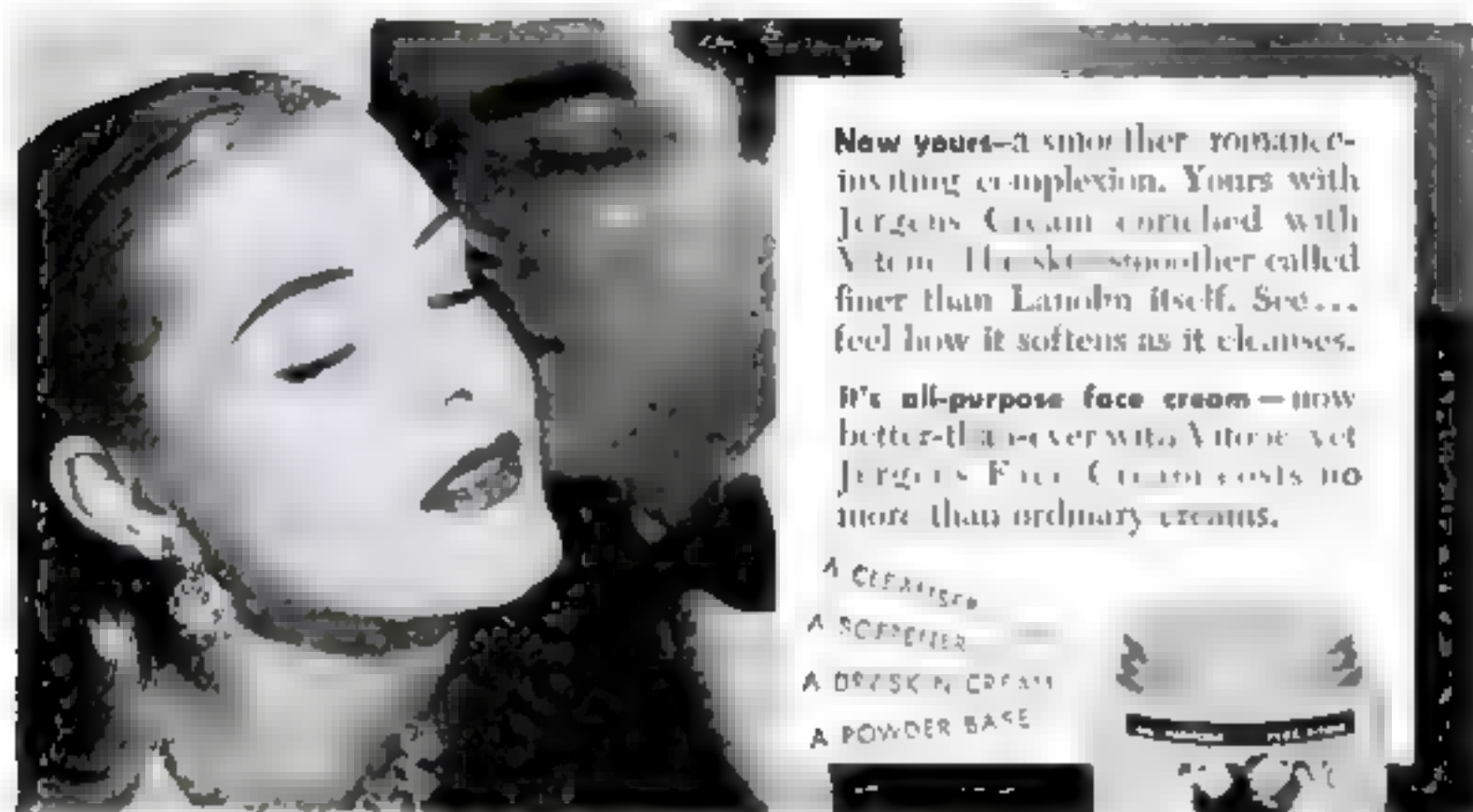
BAYER ASPIRIN

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Amazing!

vitame

a skin-smoother finer than Lanolin... now in
Jergens Face Cream



Doctors' tests show: 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved... skin softer, smoother, fresher with Jergens Vitame Face Cream!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Mrs. Brown and I decided to make that our present. Here is a picture taken at the birthday dinner the cast gave her, showing two models (Mary Cooper and friend). One wears the original Sally Victor and the other a paper copy. Which twin wears the Sally?

JOE E. BROWN

New York, N.Y.



MARY (LEFT) HAS THE SALLY

MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS

Sirs:

May I indulge in a bit of spoofing apropos of your visit to the *Mayflower* descendants (LIFE, Nov. 29)? My Puritan ancestor inconsiderately missed the *Mayflower* and caught a later boat, nevertheless I was inordinately proud of him until I subjected him to some disillusioning arithmetic which I recommend to any of you *Mayflower* descendants who are hampered by Puritan inhibitions.

Assuming there were no intermarriages and that you are the 12th in a direct line of descent, begun with two parents, add four grandparents, eight great-grandparents and continue to multiply each preceding generation by two. At the time the *Mayflower* arrived there were living 1,096 people

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

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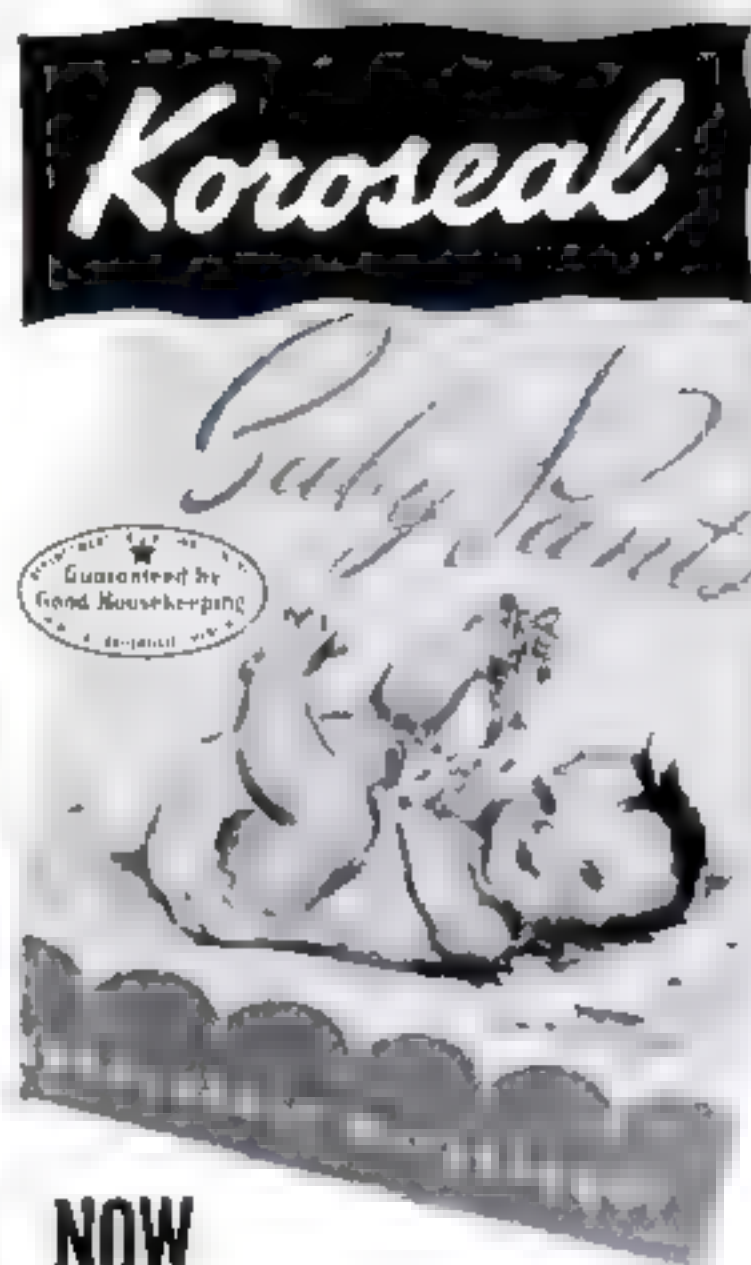
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B. F. Goodrich

Glorious day-greeter



(WITH A HEALTH NOTE IN EVERY SIP)

SUNSWEEP HELPS KEEP YOU REGULAR, TOO —

SUNSWEEP PRUNE JUICE

In Bottles or Cans



Prepared and distributed by the makers of Mott's apple juice, apple sauce, cider, vinegars, and jellies

Got to sink a ten-foot putt? Pause for Welch's Coconut!

People from coast to coast say that this is their favorite candy bar because they like its fresh coconut flavor and the wonderful way the chocolate coating blends with its rich creamy center. If you have never eaten one of these bars, we hope you will try one soon, and we are certain you will enjoy it.

We say it's...
"The World's Best Coconut Candy"



Someone is
looking at
your legs



At better
stores
everywhere



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

whose blood filtered down through 12 generations into your veins. Only one of them came over on the Mayflower.

Intermarriages would reduce the number, but even so, you have had a small army of miscellaneous ancestors kicking around during and subsequent to the Mayflower era.

If you continue to multiply your ancestors back through the ages at the foregoing rate they will eventually exceed the entire population of the earth at some period. Manifestly there is something wrong here.

Somewhere along your ancestral tree prior to 1620 you must begin to diminish its spread by inbreeding and continue to do so until you contract the number to two—Adam and Eve.

If you can do this you are a genius.

A. A. PATTERSON

Santa Ana, Calif.

EVELYN STAYS HOME

Sirs:

The item in Winchell's column about me ("Evelyn Peterson will be big-town-bound again soon. . .") is just silly. I'm so very happy—just can't thank God enough for my happiness. Really, I'm so happy I came



DR. AND MRS. JACK BERGFELD

home—so very happy. I just married a wonderful doctor, 31. I met him on a blind date the week after I came home, and we get along just as if we had good sense. I'm receiving quite a lot of mail from the nice story (LIFE, Nov. 22), but I hope by now the whole world knows I'm married.

Honestly—we are so happy!

EVELYN PETERSON BERGFELD
New Braunfels, Texas

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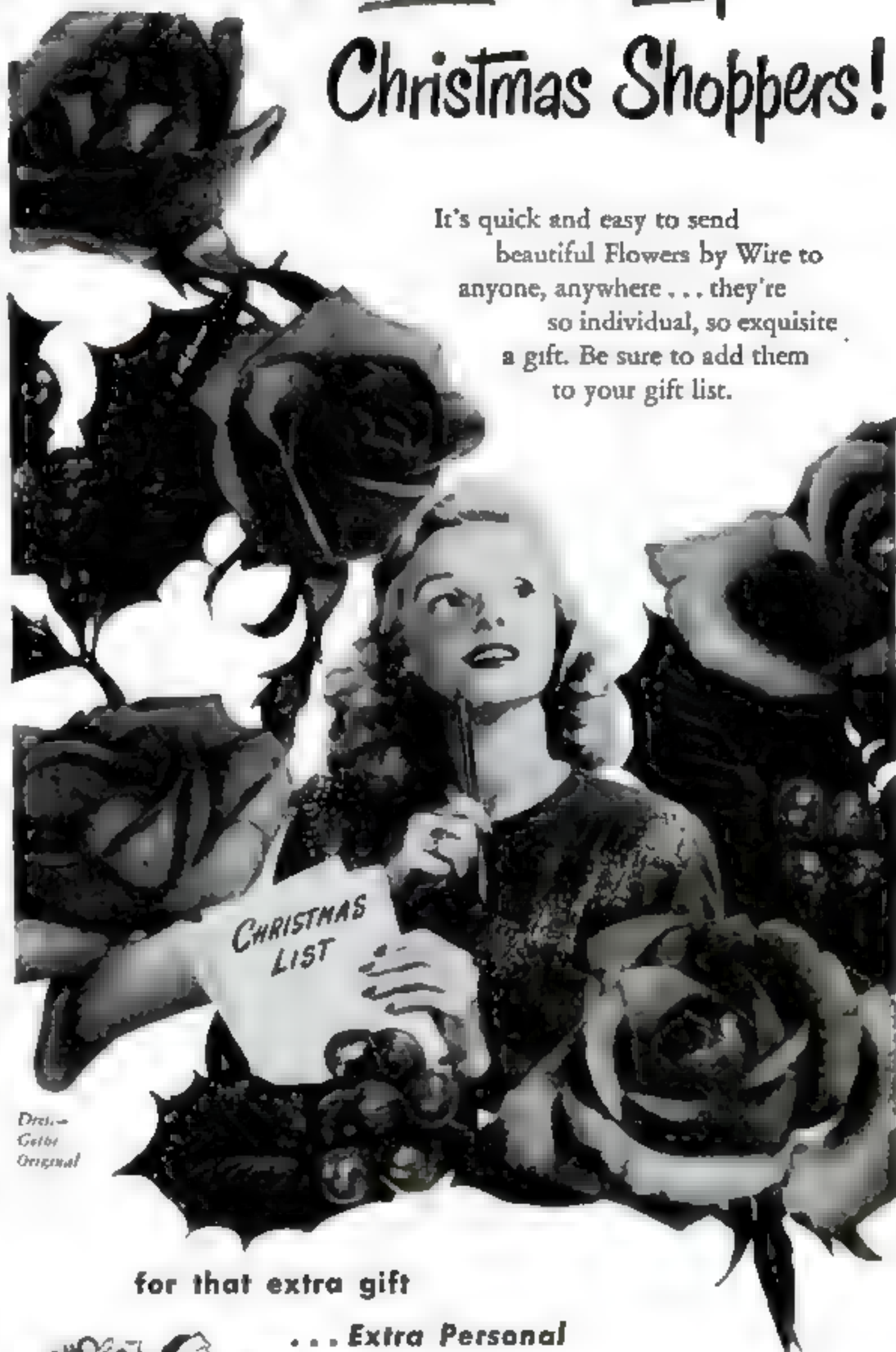
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Here's the answer for busy Christmas Shoppers!



It's quick and easy to send beautiful Flowers by Wire to anyone, anywhere . . . they're so individual, so exquisite a gift. Be sure to add them to your gift list.

for that extra gift

... Extra Personal



You'll make just the right impression with gorgeous Flowers by Wire, aided by the personal message wired with them. They're not expensive, either. Wonderful flowers can be wired from New York to New Orleans for \$5.76 and up (includes wire cost).

... or for that Big Family on your list

You can cover the whole family with one gift . . . a beautiful Poinsettia plant, a Christmas table arrangement or a lovely bouquet.

See your own F.T.D. florist or choose one from the telephone directory yellow pages. They all display the Winged Mercury emblem on their windows.

That means satisfaction is guaranteed.

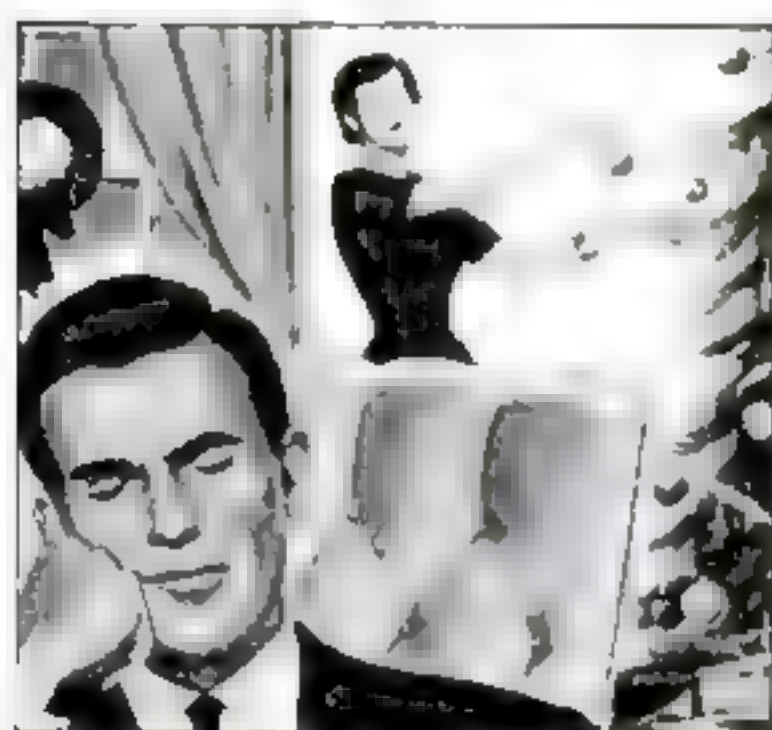
Remember . . .

In Any Event . . . Send Flowers Worldwide via Interflora



FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, 149 Michigan Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.

Santa Claus is a LADY!



SUE: It happened Christmas Eve. Al—he's my husband—was acting mean as a wounded tiger. He hardly spoke... and when he did, he practically bit my head off. Things looked dismal for Christmas. Then the telephone rang...



SUE: It was Al's mother. She said it sounded to her like Al needed a laxative—and sleep. She explained that constipation is often accompanied by sleep-robbing acid indigestion...and recommended he take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



SUE: She said that Phillips' wonderful Double-Action is the reason it works two ways so well. For besides being a marvelous laxative, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is also one of the fastest, most effective acid neutralizers known to science.



SUE: Al took Phillips' before he went to bed. He slept wonderfully... awakened this morning to gentle constipation relief—and we've had the grandest, merriest Christmas of our lives! Yes, Santa Claus is a lady—my mother-in-law!



Get the 50¢ bottle. Contains three times as much as the 25¢ size. Also in convenient tablet form — 25¢ a box, less than 1¢ a tablet.



LIFE

Vol. 25, No. 25

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

December 20, 1948

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LIFE'S COVER

The ring game is not a game you can play all evening but it is always good for a lot of giggles. It is related to the old snail game and the pass-the-match-box game and is one of the old pastimes which this year's teen-agers (pp. 67-75) have rearranged to suit their taste. The boy and girl shown on the cover passing a ring from pencil to pencil are Jessamy Hines and John Shawver, both 17, of Oklahoma City. If John and Jessamy should laugh and drop the pencil or let the ring slide off as it is passed around they are out of the game. The last couple in is the winner.



The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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Christmas Street

This is the street where Christmas is made. From its shops have streamed all the glad things, the glittering things, the glamorous things that will nestle neath a million trees on Christmas morning.



But now it is Christmas Eve. ☆ Soon the Street will be deserted. ☆ No more urgent horns. ☆ No more quick footsteps. ☆ No winking lights. ☆ Just quiet and peace and the silent fall of white velvet snow.

COTTONS
PACIFIC
RAYONS



PACIFIC MILLS • COTTON & RAYON DIVISION, 214 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK 13 • WORSTED DIVISION, 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

"Should a parent open a child's mail?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"Why, certainly, a parent should open a child's mail," answered Elmer, the bull. "No daughter of mine is going to keep secrets from me!"

"Now, dear," smiled Elsie, the Borden Cow, "I'm sure Beulah has no secrets from either of us."

But, don't you think children have a right to privacy, same as grownups?"

"Privacy—pfooeey!" said Elmer. "I want to know what my kids are doing when I'm not around."

"And they'll want to tell you," argued Elsie, "if they feel that you trust them and respect their rights. Children have their pride, like you, or I—or Borden's!"



"How did Borden's get into this?" roared Elmer.

"This is a family argument."

"But Borden's is a family, too," said Elsie, "a big family of fine foods. Look at Borden's Fine Cheeses—and particularly at Liederkranz Brand. What a hearty, robust flavor! It's a real he-man cheese."

"It's the only he-man thing,"

snapped Elmer, "that ever gets a break around this house."

"Oh, you don't break Liederkranz Brand Cheese," protested Elsie. "You cut through the tender, golden crust, into the soft, creamy center. Then spread center, crust and all, on a cracker or a piece of pumper-



nickle, and pop it between your waiting lips!"

"My lips aren't waiting for Liederkranz," fumed Elmer. "They just want a chance to settle this argument about opening a kid's mail."



"Argument?" puzzled Elsie. "But I thought you agreed with me, dear, when I said that you can't win children's confidence unless you trust them."

"All I know," groaned Elmer, "is that I never win around here, because I never get a chance to talk!"

"Why, Elmer-dear!" gasped Elsie. "Go ahead, talk as much as you like. Tell us about Borden's Instant Coffee. It has such a rich and full-bodied flavor. It's 100% pure coffee. Nothing added."

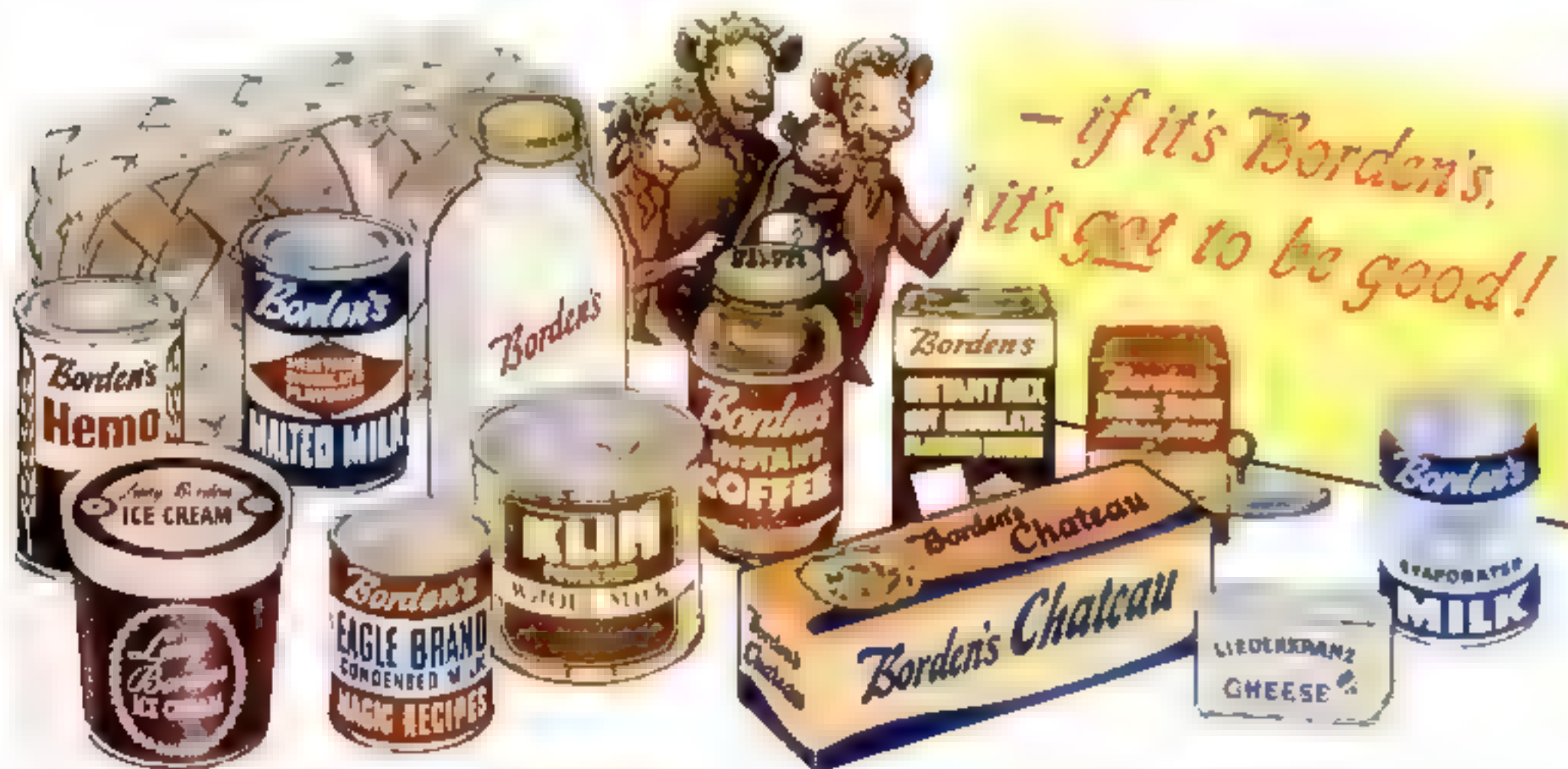


"See what I mean?" sighed Elmer. "Stop for a breath, and the woman fills you with coffee!"

"Delicious, deep-down satisfying coffee," added Elsie. "And Borden's Instant Coffee is so easy to fix! Just measure the coffee into a cup, and pour in boiling water. No pot to wash, no mess—"

"AND NO EIMER!" exploded Elmer. "Believe me, I'm getting away from here in a hurry, before you tell me I agreed to take the stump for your Borden's Instant Coffee!"

"Oh, you don't need to do that," giggled Elsie. "Everybody knows how good it is. If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"





A RAFT IS SIGHTED. CROWDED AND HUDDLED ON THE TINY PIECE OF RUBBER, THE SURVIVORS BOB ALONG IN THE STRONG TIDAL CURRENTS OF THE PACIFIC

33 PLANE SURVIVORS ARE SAVED FROM SEA

It was a routine flight. The C-54, with a crew of six, droned over the Pacific carrying 31 ground crewmen to Spokane, Wash. after 90 days of temporary duty on Okinawa. Suddenly the plane's number four engine started leaking oil. An hour later number three was leaking oil too. The pilot radioed the nearest base that he was losing altitude, would have to ditch in the Pacific.

In the predawn darkness the big plane hit the water with a booming, crashing splash. The lights went out. The men had less than 12 minutes before the plane sank. They could only salvage two life rafts, some emergency equipment and a few rations. One man was bleeding. They piled him into a raft hurriedly so blood in the water would not

attract sharks. Two more men were left behind.

Through the dawn, all that day and that night the men were tossed about. They were down in a wide, lonely expanse of the Pacific between tiny Johnston and Palmyra Islands, 1,200 miles southwest of Hawaii. They lashed the rafts together, but there were 35 men and the rafts were built for only 14. They took turns hanging over the side. The men had a chemical repellent which kept the sharks at a distance, but the sea was rough. The rafts filled with water. One by one the men got seasick. By nightfall the survivors were so weak that they could not hang over the side of the little rafts. Then one died. The next morning another man, unable to stand the ordeal any longer, jumped

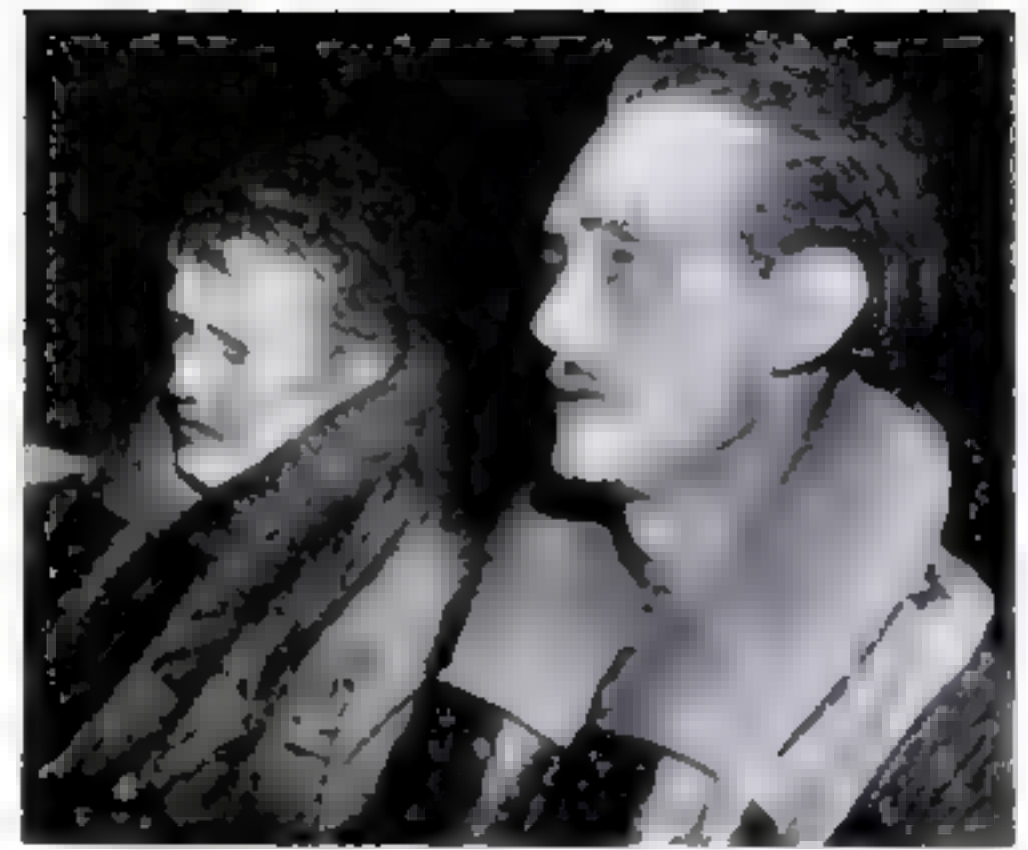
overboard. They had to leave him to the sharks.

Meanwhile search planes flew over the area all day and all night. Then at midafternoon of the second day as a Navy plane started to turn off its course and return, the navigator asked for eight more minutes on the same leg, explaining that keeping this course would make navigating easier. With two minutes left, the crew chief suddenly shouted over the intercom "THERE THEY ARE! THERE THEY ARE!" Circling down, they dropped life rafts and emergency rations in the water nearby. Then they circled once more to take a picture of the huddling men on one of the rafts (*above*) after the lashings had been cut and they had drifted apart. For the rescue that followed, turn the page.



STRETCHER CASE, a survivor too weak to go ashore from the carrier even with helping hands, is swung over

the side of the ship. Despite their exhausted and weakened condition others were able to clamber down the ladder.

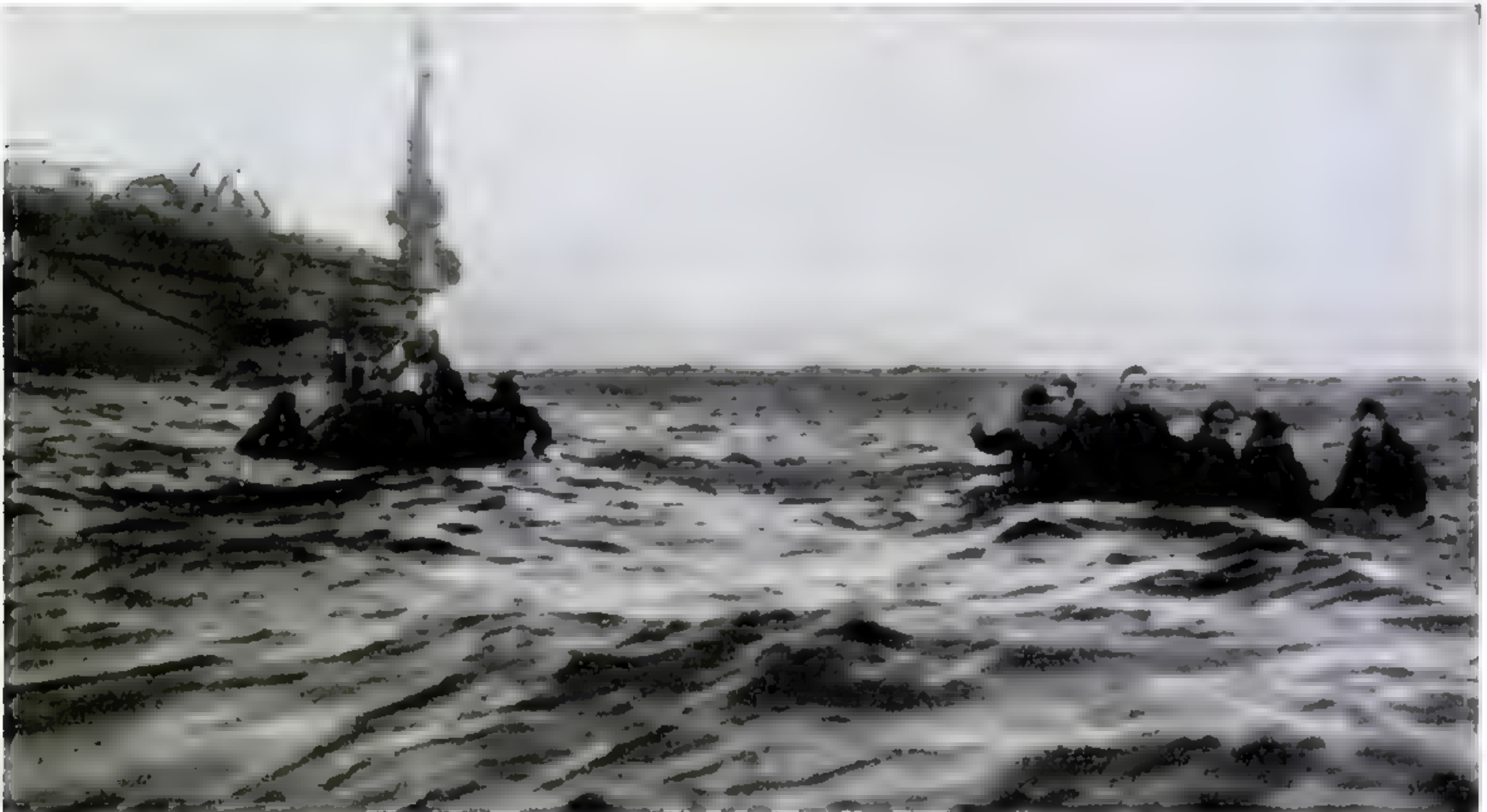


WEARY FROM ORDEAL, Staff Sgt. William Underwood and Staff Sgt. Robert Johnson are taken to carrier.

IN SALT AND SUN MEN SMEARED ON SUN CREAM

After the search plane had spotted the survivors, it was forced to head for the home base because it was running low on gasoline. And all the way home the pilot wondered if he would have to be rescued too. But the Navy pilot radioed the survivors' position to the search headquarters and, within three hours, the carrier *Rendova* was pulling alongside.

What the rescuers aboard the carrier found was an eerie sight. The faces of the survivors, smeared with white sunburn cream, seemed to glow across the ocean (opposite page). One man could no longer sit up. As the whaleboats from the *Rendova* dipped across the water to the life rafts, there were no wild cheers or shouts from any of the survivors. The men from the lost C-54 were too exhausted for heroics.



THE RESCUE IS COMPLETED as survivors, towed by the *Rendova's* boats, make their way over to the aircraft carrier's side. In all, three ships and 25 Navy and Air Force

planes scoured the Pacific for the survivors in the big search. An Air Force plane had sighted flares from the life rafts the night before but had lost sight of them before dawn.



AFTER 39 HOURS IN THE RAFTS five men stare across water as whaleboats from the *Rendova* come for them. Most survivors smeared their faces with sunburn cream

but the man at right center took his chances with sun and salt. During their long wait for rescue, the sea was so rough that it filled the raft and the men sat waist deep in water.

CAPP-ITALIST REVOLUTION

AL CAPP'S SHMOO OFFERS A PARABLE OF PLENTY

As every follower of Al Capp's comic strip, *Li'l Abner*, knows, the U.S. went shmoo-crazy in 1948. The shmoo is that little all-purpose animal discovered by the muscular innocent, Li'l Abner of Dogpatch, U.S.A., in the mysterious Valley of the Shmoon. Round as a bowling ball, cute as a cross between a penguin and a Kewpie doll, the shmoo, as depicted by Al Capp, brought to Dogpatch and to the whole U.S.A. a remission of the primal curse of work. The shmoo multiplies like the fruit fly, he dies happy and ready for the cook stove when you look hungrily at him, he lays cheesecake on platters and gives the finest creamery butter and grade "A" milk already sealed in the bottle. Broiled, he tastes like steak; fried, he tastes like the yummiest chicken. Knowing the human race's ineradicable yearnings for a return to the Garden of Eden, that enterprising book publishing company of Simon and Schuster has collected the shmoo cartoons in an outsize pamphlet called *The Life and Times of the Shmoo*. Now everybody can be happy provided he has a dollar to spend on shmooos.

That is, everybody could be happy if Al Capp had really been a shmooze artist. Alas, he has shmoozed the opportunity! For in *The Life and Times of the Shmoo* the happy little animal unfortunately gets caught in the crossruff of the class war. With shmoo meat providing a free living for everybody, Brewster McRewster, the egg tycoon, and J. Roaringham Fatback, the pork monopolist, are naturally out-

raged. They are gluttons of privilege and they don't like shmoo meat. And so, in spite of a few feeble yips from liberal capitalists who propose to make a living by producing shmoo-sical comedies, McRewster and Fatback hire a goon agency to kill all shmooos. Reaction is triumphant.

Actually, this could not happen in the U.S. for the simple reason that Henry Ford discovered the advantages of shmoo-ism long before Al Capp. The shmoo is our economic principle. True, the edible shmoo would put pork out of business. But shmoo meat has to be cooked for eating, and shmoo has to be sliced thin for clothing material or thick for ply-shmoo building slabs. Think of the new stoves and new cookbooks for shmoo cooking (or shmooking) that would be needed. Think of the boon to the cutlery business in shmoo slicers. Think of the opportunity for inventors—shmoo glue for laminated shmoo-skin clapboards, waterproofing for shmoo roofs, a nonrip shmoo sewing thread. Shmooos can be rolled up and used for balls—but the breeding industry would have to breed a shmoo with a lively center to satisfy homerun sluggers. Undoubtedly shmoo breeders would soon be involved in breeding for a hundred different points—an absolutely round shmoo for bowling, a football-shaped shmoo for football, a hard pigmy shmoo for billiards, a minuscule shmoo for marbles.

Life with the shmoo would, of course, be somewhat boring. But that would quickly be

remedied. The vanishing pig would soon become a collector's item—and the son of J. Roaringham Fatback would be gratified to learn that the few remaining Poland China hogs on his father's farms had suddenly put the Fatback family back in the chips. Pig shows would replace Persian cat shows at the Waldorf; the common chicken would be sold in bird stores as parakeets and lovebirds are sold now. Cows would be sent to zoos for their curiosity value, and the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey circus would exhibit a turkey in the sideshow next to Zip the What-Is-It. Tired of shmoo races, people would spend millions trying to bring back the horse.

Eric Johnston, that master shmooze artist, has been going around the world insisting that European capitalism is defective for the simple reason that it has never shmooed itself up. No doubt there is much to what Mr. Johnston says, for it is hard to visualize a European emerging unperplexed from *The Life and Times of the Shmoo*. The European might say that Al Capp had made out a case for socialism—or shmoo-shialism. But what he has actually done is to show the need for pushing capitalism along its course of natural free evolution into Cappitalism. Socialists would try to control the shmoo. But the shmoo is basically uncontrollable, for he reproduces by simple shmoo division in hopped-up geometrical progression. That is the meaning of the Capp-italist revolution: unrationed shmoo for everybody!

DEAD END ART

A FRENCHMAN'S MUD-AND-RUBBLE PAINTINGS REDUCE MODERNISM TO A JOKE

Whatever may be said about Al Capp's political message, one can hardly deny that he is a folk artist of considerable stature. His imagination is superb; his draftsmanship is quite up to the job of transferring his imagined Yokums, Scraggs and Lonesome Polecats to paper. But what, folks, can be said of the contemporary French painter Jean Dubuffet, whose grit-colored paintings (composed of mud, oil, smears and rubble) are now the rage of Paris.

Dubuffet, as one may gather from the picture reproduced on the opposite page, offers himself as a "primitive." But it is fake primitivism, for it proceeds, not from the naive emotions of the natural barbarian, but from the highly sophisticated intellect of the civilized man. When a Grandma Moses gives us primitivism, the result is good natural design and a childlike exultation in certain balances and combinations of color. But Dubuffet is not Grandma Moses, he is Grandpa Leg-puller. His ribaldry is visually on a par with the final leer carved on the mouth of a Halloween pumpkin by a gifted 8-year-old. But the impulse to ribaldry here is not childlike; it is, instead, a tired commentary on both art and life. "Faugh," says Dubuffet in effect, "I spit on everything."

In its recent Round Table on modern paintings, *LIFE* offered the considered opinions of many experts on the subject. Those who chose

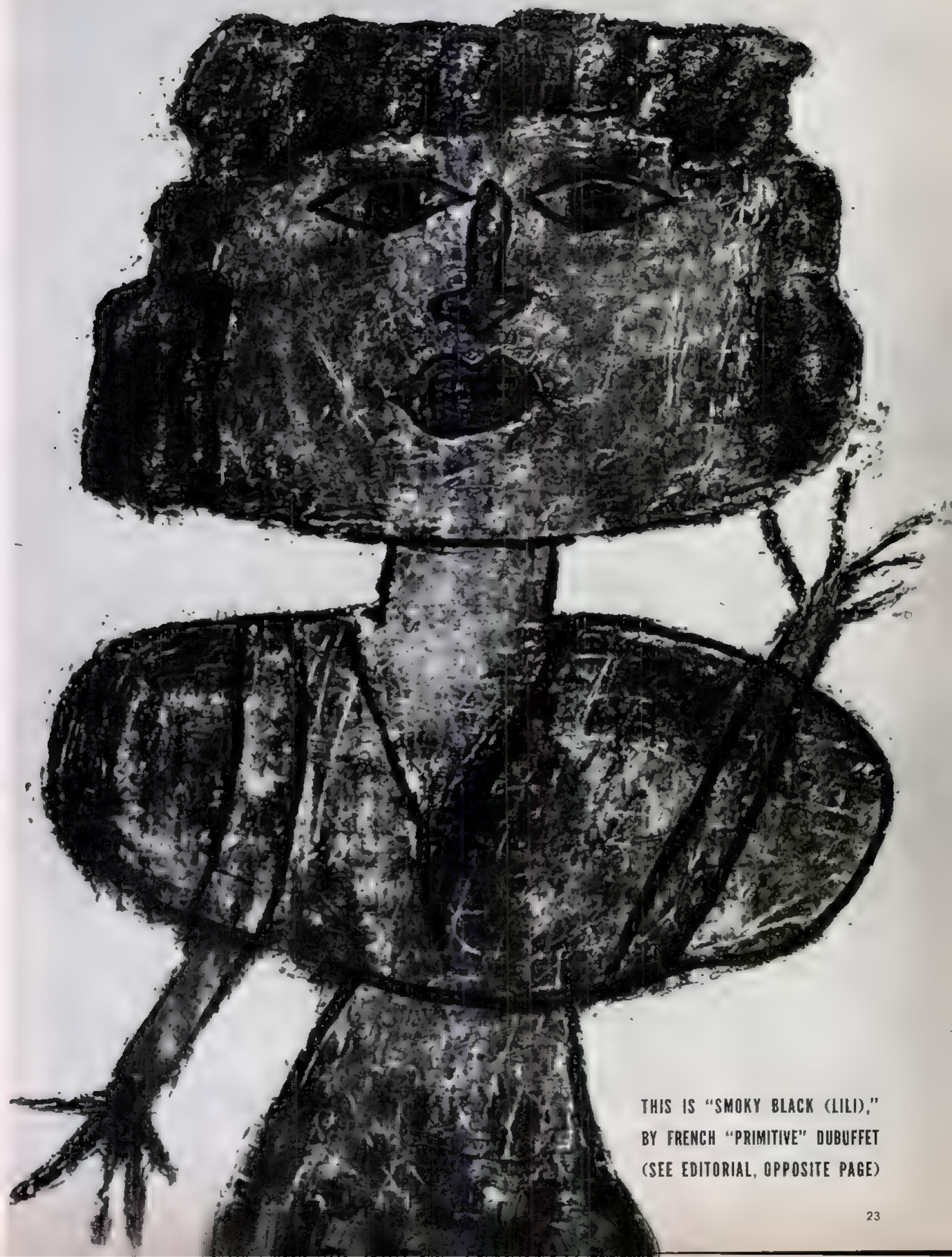
to justify the course of painting in the modern age had many telling points on their side: the artist must be judged in the light of his intentions; the public must be prepared to make the attempt at understanding; a chaotic, irreligious age cannot be expected to produce an art of grandeur or profound religious feeling; when man is undignified, the artist cannot be expected to dignify him, and so on. But Dubuffet's intentions are feebly mixed, his technical skill is low, his amusement value is that of juvenile finger painting, which you can get in any kindergarten. If his paintings are intended as a colossal hoax it still does not make them superior finger painting; it merely points up the bankruptcy of the French art critics who have taken their Dubuffetting seriously.

The intellectualizers of the art situation will, of course, come forth with the statement that Dubuffet is representative of the profoundly disillusioned state of post-World War II France. But is the only meaning of art to be found in its phase of passive symbolism? At a nadir of human hope and effort one could naturally expect to discover an omnipresent private cynicism among the painters. But always, in the past, when a nadir has been reached, some hardy soul has revolted and said to himself, "The world is wrong; I will show it what is right."

LIFE has no quarrel with the historical im-

portance of "modernism" in general. The moderns have been great adventurers, they have expanded the horizons of painting, both technically and esthetically. But just as the great religious painters of the Renaissance were followed by a group of tired third-raters who trailed off into insincere or hollow imitation of their ancestors, so has the first "modern" generation been succeeded by the new third-raters of modernism. Painters like Braque have been individualists; their imitators in 1948 are no more individualists than galley slaves. The true individualist today may have difficulty in reasserting his own dignity, let alone the dignity of his species. But he will try—and part of his dignity will be to reject any abject slavishness to the now dreary convention of the "modern."

Actually, there are signs that individuals in art are reasserting their own dignity. There is a churning among artists, a dissatisfaction with what A. M. Frankfurter calls "the sterile applied art of visual mathematics." "Watch for the surge toward beauty," says Mr. Frankfurter, "real beauty, not the fascination of anecdote, nor the spell of eclecticism." Well, we are watching. And of one thing we are sure, that the surge toward a new art is not finding its John the Baptist in Monsieur Dubuffet. There is more human dignity in Al Capp's Dogpatch than in the whole of Dubuffet's gaga cosmos.



THIS IS "SMOKY BLACK (LILI),"
BY FRENCH "PRIMITIVE" DUBUFFET
(SEE EDITORIAL, OPPOSITE PAGE)



MACARTHUR'S WORLD as it looks from the western Pacific is shown on this map. The Soviet troop dispositions indicated here are estimates culled from several sources. Perhaps 12 of the Soviet divisions listed above are training units; whether all others are maintained at full strength is not known. But the preponderance of Soviet strength on

the spot is certain, lending weight to General MacArthur's fear of the "double envelopment" of Japan from Vladivostok and Sakhalin, east of Nikolaevsk, and the mainland coast at and below Shanghai on the south. American strength—or American weakness—is well known to the Russians. Only at sea does the U.S. have even superficial superiority.

MACARTHUR SAYS FALL OF CHINA IMPERILS U.S.

He calls for reinforcements and tells Chiefs of Staff that Soviets will be in position to seize Japan

General Douglas MacArthur sent an urgent message to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington last week. It was 16 pages long, it was titled "Strategic Implications of the Developments in China" and it gave our top military men a historic shock.

MacArthur said that the Communist victories in China have gravely jeopardized U.S. security. He said that the Soviet Union will soon be in a position to seize Okinawa and Japan and to sweep the U.S. from the western Pacific (map). He said that the forces now in his command must be immediately reinforced by more naval strength, more aircraft and six army divisions (the U.S. at the moment has exactly 2½ divisions available at home).

General MacArthur did not say that a Soviet attack on the U.S. in the western Pacific is either likely or imminent. He simply said that the loss of most of China to the Communists will create the strategic conditions for such an attack, and that in the present state of our defenses Okinawa, Japan and the rest of our offshore line cannot be long held. MacArthur's message jarred Washington's whole conception of Asiatic strategy, which has rested on the assumption that Communist victory and Nationalist collapse in China entail no direct military threat to the safety and position of the U.S. The reasoning which shook this comfortable assumption was as follows:

Soviet troops (not Chinese Communists) have the positions at Vladivostok, on Sakhalin and in the Kurile Islands to attack Hokkaido, the northern island which lies just above the main Japanese island of Honshu. A Communist victory in China would give them, in addition, offensive air bases and ports along the entire central and possibly the south China coast. In particular it would place the hard-won island of Okinawa within easy range of Shanghai, Nanking and more southerly airports. Between Okinawa and Hokkaido lies Honshu, the home island of Japan and its great cities. Thus, said MacArthur, the main U.S. positions in Japan are in danger of the classic "double envelopment" which the soldier dreads, with the Russians attacking from both flanks. In this situation, he suggested, Honshu would be another Bataan.

Our western border

MacArthur is known to reason also that the U.S. must look upon its Asiatic situation as an "offshore position," and that it must use this position to deny the Soviet Union access to the western Pacific beyond the island line of Okinawa, Japan itself and the Aleutians to the northeast. With their positions at Vladivostok, on Sakhalin and in the Kuriles, which they legally hold by prewar title or wartime settlement, the Russians are well placed at the center of this line. But they cannot move with impunity into and across the western Pacific so long as the U.S. is strongly based along both ends of the line. Japan and Okinawa are essential positions on this line, and to them must soon be added the Chinese island of Formosa, where the U.S. now has neither rights nor defenses.

In the face of facts which seem so plain, how could Washington have ever been complacent about the military consequences of a Communist victory in China? The answers do not excuse the Washington brass hats but they do help to put MacArthur's warning in perspective.

Up to last week the military thinking in Washington went something like this: even without China, Russia is already in position to attack Japan from close range and with forces stronger than any the U.S. has there now. The Russians are also in position to attack weakly defended Alaska and the Aleutians, no matter what happens in China. Furthermore China is not on the main lines of attack and counterattack which have been visualized in the case of any Soviet-U.S. war; these lines lie across Europe and the Middle East and over the arctic and subarctic bombing routes. The loss of China does not in itself deprive the U.S. of any bases for presently conceived use against Russia, a fact which presumably led our military men to assume that the winning of China does not give the Russians any important bases. One effect of MacArthur's shocker was to suggest that this reasoning may be all wrong—that actually the offshore line along the coast of Asia is really the western military border of the U.S. and that the fall of China would seriously endanger this border.

U.S. strategists' thinking has also been conditioned by 1) the atomic bomb and 2) the official estimates of Russian readiness for war. There has been a tendency to feel that so long as we monopolize The Bomb we do not need to worry too much about mere changes in Asiatic position. At the moment this dubious contentment is enhanced by the official impression that the Russians will not be ready for any kind of war anywhere before 1952 (although some say 1950). The further assumption is that no change in the strategic balance in Asia will alter the Russians' timetable, whatever it may be.

General MacArthur probably does not question this last assumption. What he does question is the assumption that regardless of what happens in China, Japan and the adjoining islands are safe. He remembers Corregidor and Bataan.



MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK leaves Blair House at 6 p.m., Dec. 10 after one hour with the President, to whom she appealed for a program of aid to China. Apart from a hospital talk with Secretary Marshall, it was all she had to show for her 10 days of waiting while the President received such visitors as Manhattan Restaurateur Toots Shor.



THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER "TARAWA" LIES AT ANCHOR IN TSINGTAO HARBOR, PREPARED TO PROTECT AMERICANS

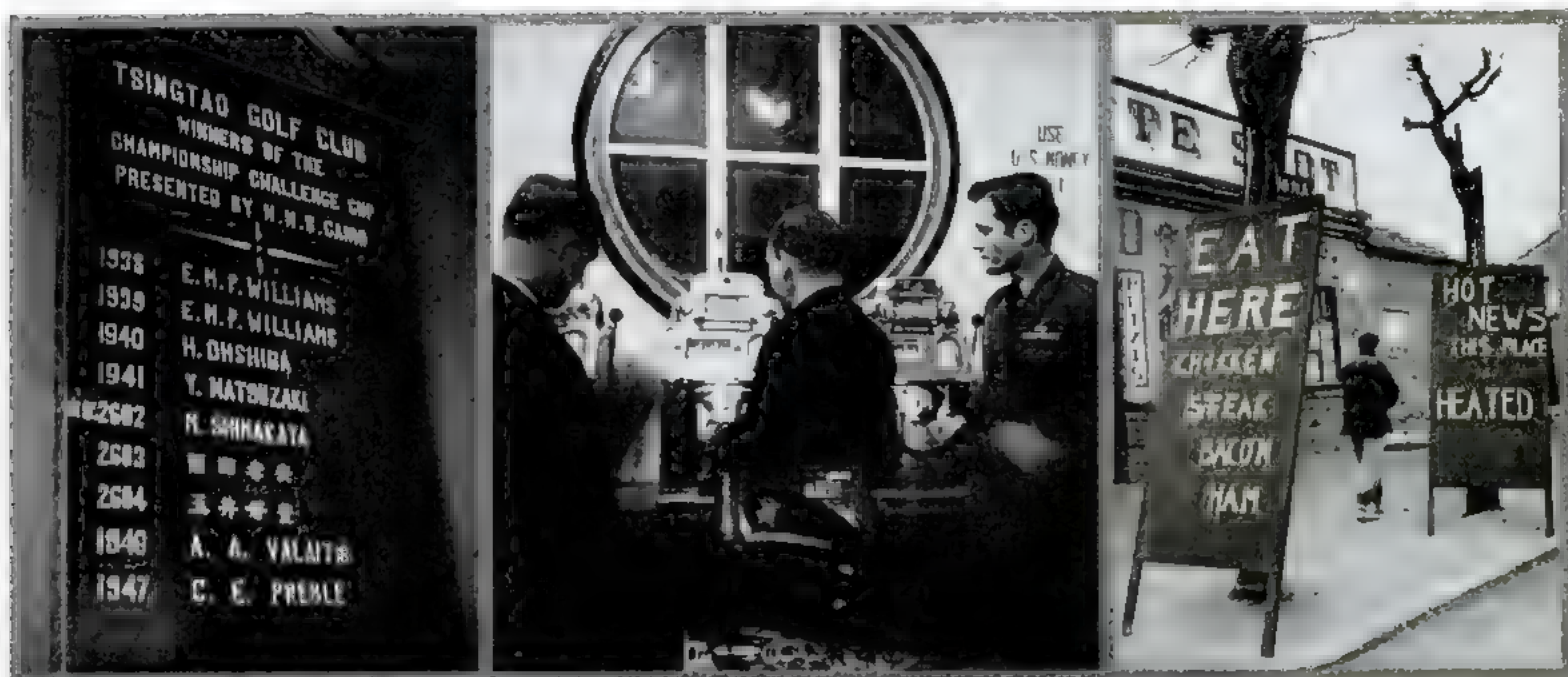
OUR NAVY AND MARINES STAND BY AT TSINGTAO

Before Pearl Harbor, Shanghai's international set escaped the sweltering summer by going north to Tsingtao, a German-developed harbor about midway between Shanghai and Mukden. After V-J Day Tsingtao's best beach hotel became an officer's club for the U.S. Navy, which based its western Pacific fleet and 3,600 Marines there while trying to develop a new Chinese navy. Two weeks ago, as Communist armies held their ring around Tsingtao, another 1,200 Marines arrived from the big base at Guam (*below, right*).

This was only a token force and it would not attempt intervention in China's war, but its arrival was reassuring to Americans in China; it did not suggest retreat. Last week the Navy's influence was felt further, as Red armies continued their push toward Nanking and Shanghai. The commander of U.S. naval forces in the western Pacific, Vice-Admiral Oscar Badger, announced that he would move Marines to Shanghai to protect U.S. lives and essential property "if and when circumstances make it advisable."



TWO LISTLESS RICKSHA BOYS WHO HAVE WORKED WAY TO THE HEAD OF A LONG FORMATION, WAIT FOR SAILORS' BUSINESS AT PAGODA PIER, THE FLEET LANDING

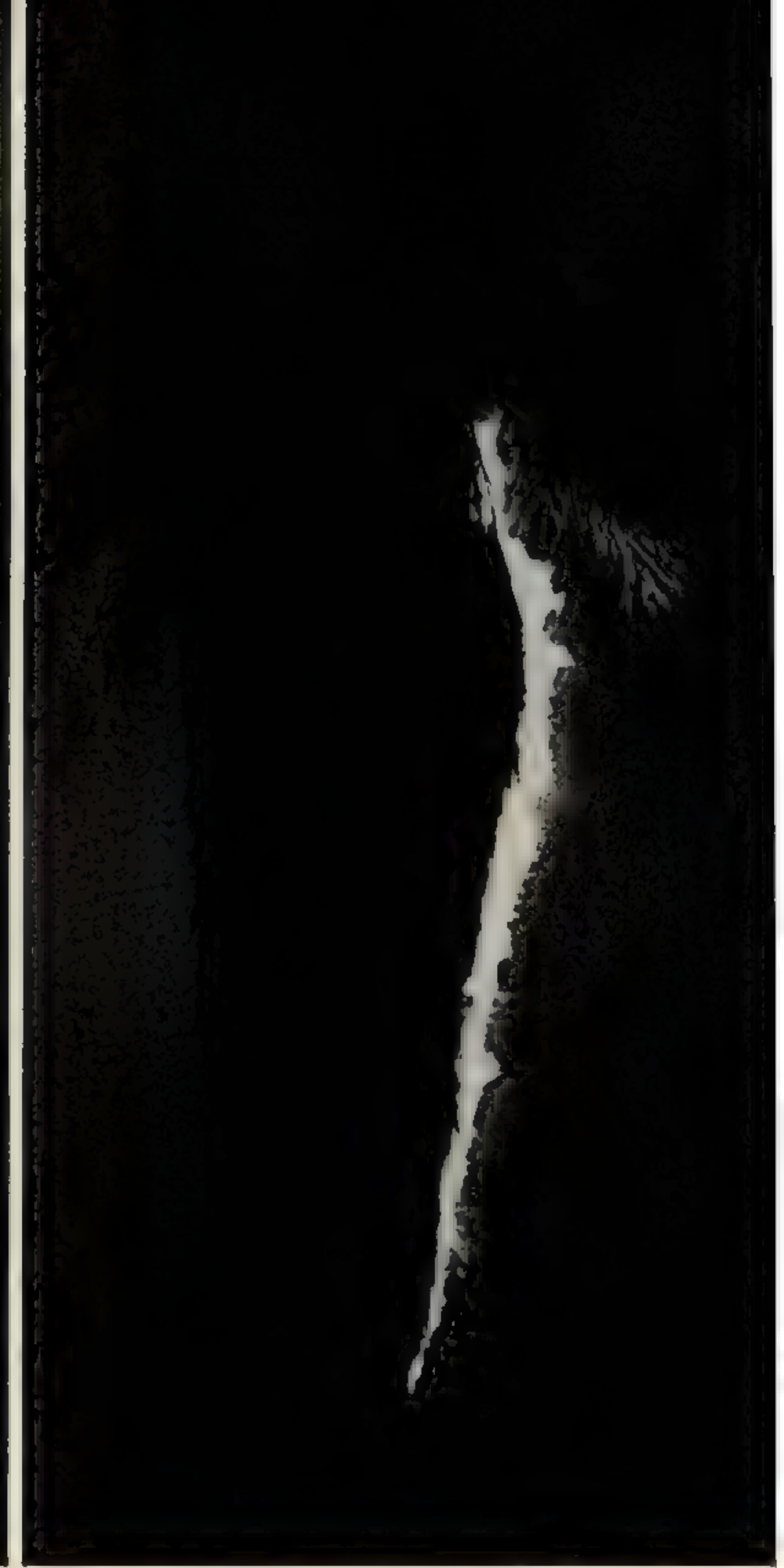


RECREATION AS USUAL identifies Tsingtao's American naval installations, even though Reds surround the city. Current U.S. dominance in golf, as well as seapower, is shown on a plaque (left) which tells story of visiting navies since 1938—a British golfer

who won in 1938 and 1939 gave way in 1940 to the Japanese, who not only ruled the links through 1944 but changed calendar and language. Slot machines (center) also attract officers to this club, while a cafe (right) seeks other patronage with promise of heat.

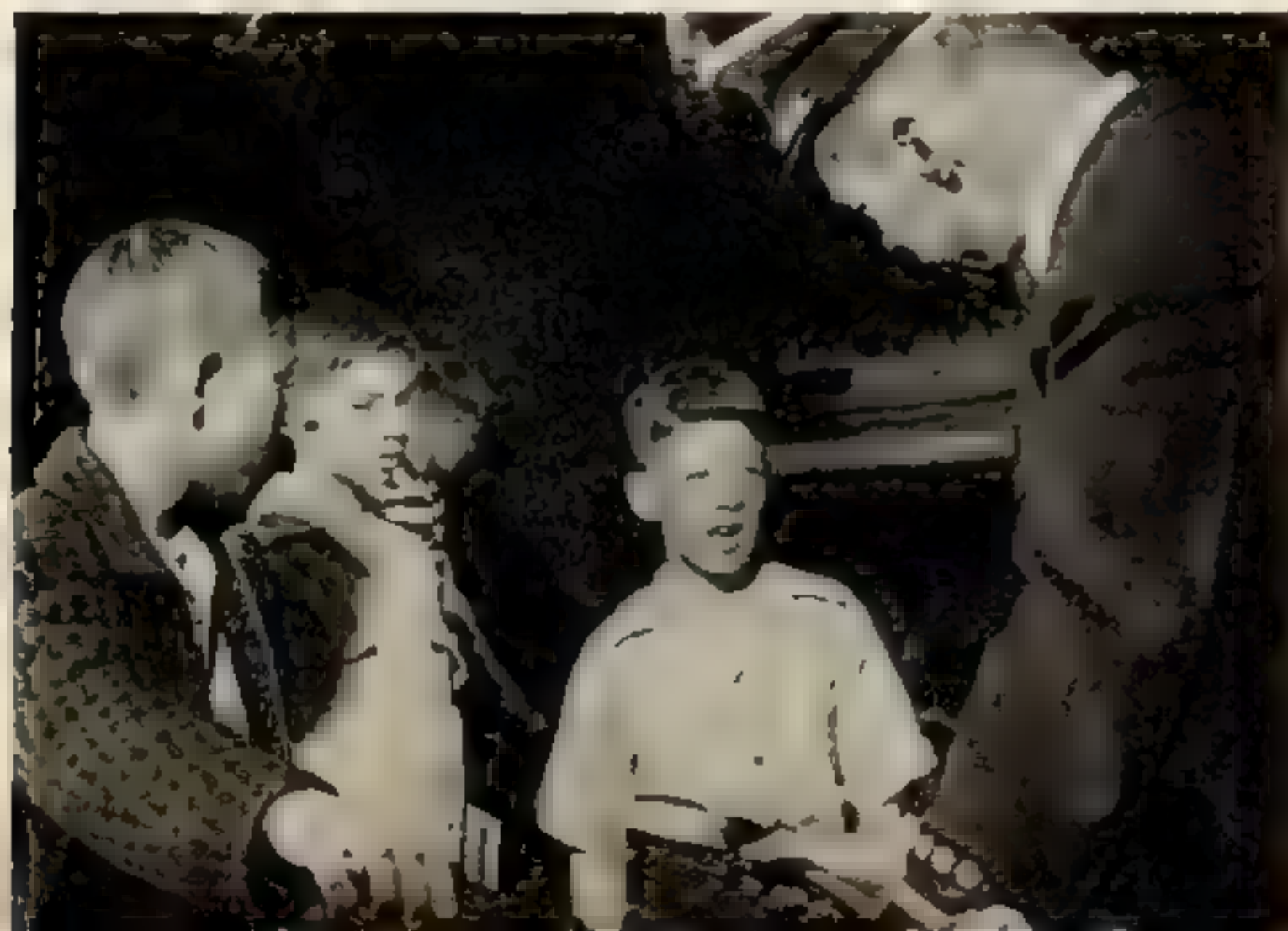


MARINE REINFORCEMENTS FROM GUAM, WEARING NEW WINTER UNIFORMS, TOUGHEN THEMSELVES TO CHINA'S COLD WITH TRAINING HIKE ON OUTSKIRTS OF TSINGTAO



FIRE STARTED BY FIREMEN AT THE BASE OF A 40-FOOT PALM (LEFT) TRAVELS UP THE DRIED SHEATH OF LEAVES AROUND THE TRUNK IN LITTLE MORE THAN A MINUTE

FIRE CHIEF ELMER THOMAS WARNS GROUP OF BOYS FOUND NEAR A BURNT PALM



INFLAMMABLE PALM TREES

By day the 4,000 desert palms that tower over their streets and homes are the pride of the 19,000 citizens of Redlands, Calif. But at night Redlanders have reason to glance apprehensively at their stately trees. They can hope, but the police department cannot guarantee, that they will sleep the night without having one of their 70-foot beauties transformed into a writhing torch.

Hoodlums long ago discovered that the beautiful desert palm was a perfect torch. Fire from a single match in the dead, tinder-dry leaves that sheath its trunk would, in the space of two minutes, envelop the whole tree. In some 20 years 100 of the palms had been set ablaze in Redlands. From time to time vandals were caught, one pair as they were setting a fire on the way home from church. But usually they had a big head start on the policemen and got away.



IN A MINUTE AND A HALF THE FLAMES SPREAD OVER THE GREEN LEAVES ON TOP OF THE PALM (LEFT). A HALF MINUTE LATER THE WHOLE PALM IS ABLAZE (RIGHT)

California fire fighters touch one off to dramatize the problem of dealing with youthful Redlands pyromaniacs

Last month the sky glowed, a fire gong rang and the chase was on again. As Redlands firemen pulled up to one blazing palm, another across town went up in flame and another. In 55 minutes nine were afire, sending sparks 100 feet in the air and lighting up the whole town. Police figured the vandalism had cost Redlands \$1,670. Tracing a car that had been seen at most of the nine fires, the police later arrested four youths who confessed. Three of them were turned over to juvenile court; the fourth, age 22, got 18 months in jail. But no one thought Redlands had solved its problem. Although the firemen dramatized the problem by touching off an isolated tree (*above*), the city decided \$200,000 was too much to spend for cutting off inflammable palm leaves. Private citizens like William H. Thorn wisely set about trimming their own trees (*right*).

ONLY TRUNK REMAINS OF BURNT PALM



OWNER CUTS OFF INFLAMMABLE LEAVES

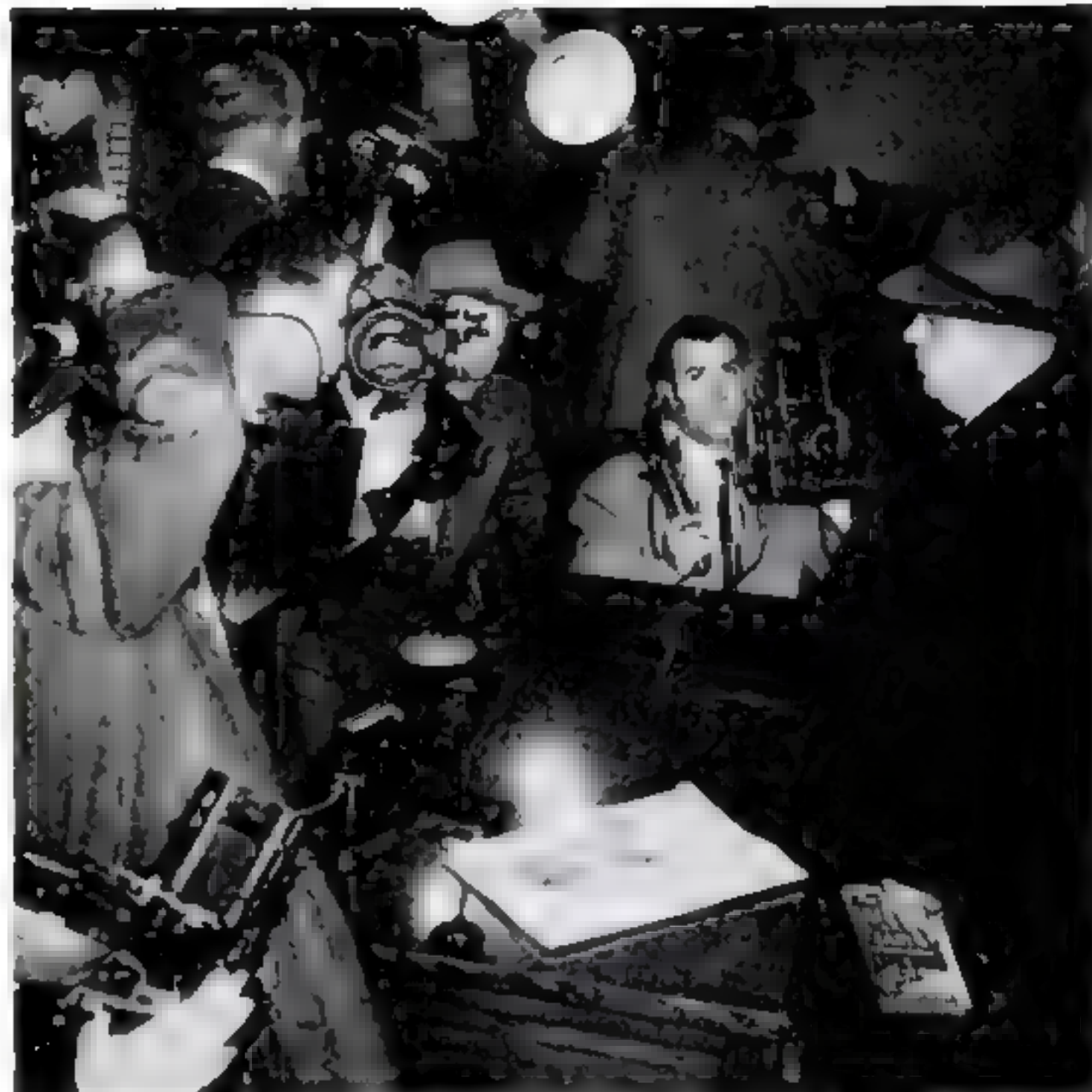




THE BROTHERS HISS, both accused by Chambers of aiding Communist underground, arrive to testify before grand jury. Alger, 44, is at right, Donald, 42, at left.



THE PUMPKIN in which Chambers kept microfilm is shown at his Maryland farm. Pumpkin was attached to vine and seemed perfectly normal until top was removed.



CHAMBERS FACES BATTERY OF CAMERAMEN AFTER LEAVING GRAND JURY ROOM

NEW PROOF OF RED SPYING

Chambers produces a pumpkin filled with evidence that Communists got secret State Department files

The case of Whittaker Chambers vs. Alger Hiss reached a dramatic and totally unexpected climax. All of a sudden this complicated story of Communist intrigue and plotting in Washington (*LIFE*, Sept. 6), which had threatened to bog down in indecisive charge and countercharge for lack of documentary evidence, flared up into the biggest and most disturbing news of the week. The burden of the news was this: the U.S. now had positive and unmistakable proof that a prewar Communist spy ring had reached into the State Department and extracted government documents so valuable and secret that many of them were still too hot for publication 10 years later. With these documents at hand Moscow could—and perhaps did—crack the diplomatic and military code on which U.S. security depended in those dangerous days.

Chambers, a confessed former Communist courier who renounced the party and became an editor of *TIME*, told the House Un-American Activities Committee last summer that Alger Hiss, onetime high State Department official, had been one of his comrades and sources. Hiss loudly denied this. Chambers repeated the charge in public and Hiss promptly sued for libel. It was at a hearing on this libel suit that Chambers suddenly dropped his new bombshell—in the form of 65 copies of confidential State Department documents which he had kept hidden for 10 years. Some of them were memoranda which handwriting experts said had been written by Alger Hiss. The Un-American Activities Committee heard of this, figured that Chambers might have more of the same and immediately served him with a subpoena, directing him to turn over everything pertinent to the case. By flashlight he led investigators to a field on his Maryland farm and showed them how he had scooped out a pumpkin (*left*) to make room for three tins of 1937-38 microfilm. When the film was developed, it produced a 3-foot stack of secret documents which somebody or bodies in the State Department had smuggled out to Communist friends. Quickly the Justice Department jumped in and tried to wrest the case from the hands of the Un-American Activities Committee.

By revealing the hidden treasure, which he had previously kept in a dusty dumbwaiter shaft of a Brooklyn house, Chambers conceded that in his days as an active Communist he had been guilty of the high crime of espionage. He was also, since he had not turned over the documents in earlier stages of the investigation, risking a charge of perjury. He had his own reason, personal and religious, for failing to produce the documents sooner. But now he felt called upon to resign from *TIME* (which had known that he was an ex-Communist but not that he had been a spy) and tell his full story of the espionage ring.



HOW TO ADD MINUTES TO CHRISTMAS-RUSHED DAYS

Let these good soups help you
breeze through the holidays



Hearty choice for holiday appetites.
Rich, smooth and mellow! A soup to cheer a
hungry family. For a delicious cream of pea,
prepare it by adding milk instead of water.

Campbell's GREEN PEA SOUP



Start Christmas Dinner with appetizing
cups of this clear beef broth. Families also
welcome it as a 'tween-meals pick-me-up ...
a cold weather "warmer-upper."

Campbell's CONSOMMÉ



The soup most folks like best! Luscious
tomatoes, table butter, delicate seasoning—
a joy to winter-sharp appetites. Add milk
instead of water, for a rich cream of tomato.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP



The Idea that became a Christmas tradition:



We don't mean hanging up mistletoe ... (although that can be a very rewarding idea).



We don't mean a holly wreath ... (although it wouldn't be Christmas without one).



We don't even mean sending Christmas cards ... (although there's no way to let friends know you wish them well).



America's Most Famous Bouquet

**FOUR
ROSES**



**FOUR
ROSES**

Fine Blended Whiskey



America's Most Famous Bouquet

We do mean this:

If you're wondering what's the best way to say "Merry Christmas!" to *special* friends on your gift list ...

... say it with a bottle or so of Four Roses!

So many people give Four Roses for Christmas nowadays that it's become sort of a holiday custom—and well it might be.

For you could search high and low without finding a gift so welcome and sure to please—and one that offers such a simple solution to your gift problems!

This matchless whiskey—so softly mellow and distinctive in flavor—is a gift that not only reflects your thoughtfulness but is also a compliment to the good taste of the man who gets it.

Fine Blended Whiskey—80 & proof, 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S FAVORITE GIFT WHISKEY
In a beautiful holiday gift carton



THE THREE CHILDREN who saw all the miracles at Fátima were Jacinta, 7, her brother Francisco, 9, and their cousin Lúcia, 10. Of them only Lúcia is still alive.

THE MIRACLE OF FATIMA

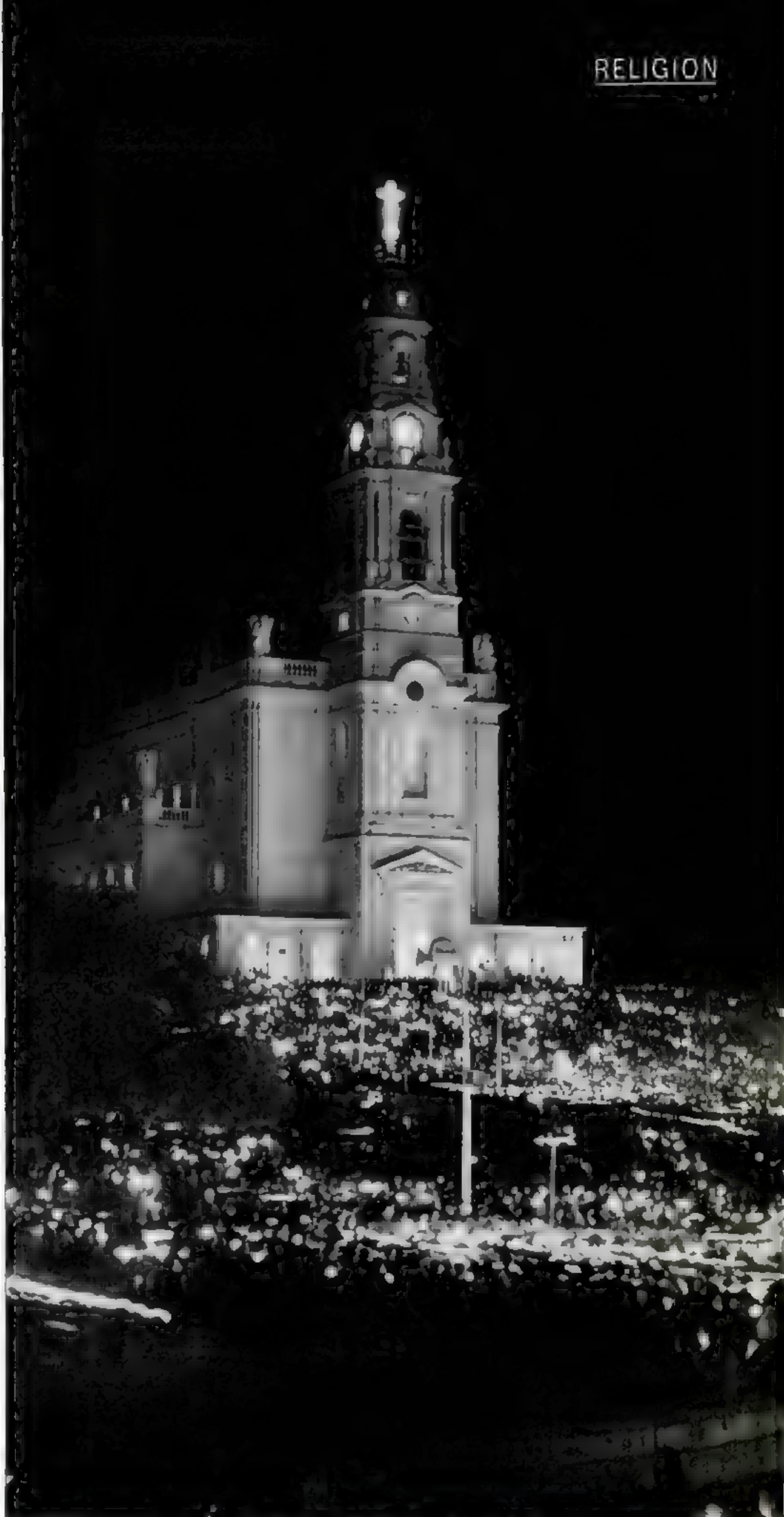
The Catholics make a new shrine

The vision that the three little shepherders above saw—or thought they saw—three decades ago near the village of Fátima in Portugal this year pressed close to the lives of millions of Catholics. To the olive grove where the Virgin, by what has been called a miracle, appeared before the children, a quarter million pilgrims came this fall (right). Throughout the U.S. a caravan carried an image of the Virgin of Fátima, displaying it for thousands of worshipers. To all his priests and people the Pope addressed a message dedicating them anew to the conversion of Russia, which the Virgin of Fátima had urged.

The miracle at Fátima—as told by the children, backed by many priests and written in books—came about this way: On May 13, 1917 Lúcia dos Santos and her cousins Jacinta and Francisco Marto were tending the family sheep. A vision of the Virgin in a flash of light suddenly appeared on a treetop. Frightened, Francisco wanted to throw a stone at the apparition but the girls stopped him. The Virgin spoke, said she would come back again. Six times more she appeared and gave prophecies to the children. She predicted that the war then raging would soon end, that Francisco and Jacinta would soon die, that another war would come heralded by great lights in the sky, that Russia would be converted, although Communist error would bring much grief and war to the world.

When the children told their story, skeptics rebuffed them. But months later a crowd came to witness a last miracle promised by the Virgin (next page) and many who came believed the story. The prophecies came true. The war ended, the two children died, and in 1938 the aurora borealis blazed extraordinarily bright. This year the Pope invoked the Virgin's last prophecy to rally Catholics in the Church's bitter fight against Communism.

The Church, which moves cautiously in these matters, has not yet attested the vision at Fátima as an authentic miracle. But the little village of Fátima is already becoming almost as famous in Christendom as has the great shrine at Lourdes.



PILGRIMAGE TO FATIMA brought 200,000 worshipers to a newly built church this fall to parade with

lighted candles (above), then retire to tents to wait for candles to burn down and to hope for miraculous cures.

THE MIRACLE



ON OCT. 13, 1917 a crowd gathered in the rain in a field near Fátima, waiting skeptically for public miracle which, the children said, would prove they had seen the Virgin.



THE SUN BURST OUT at noon. It was scorching hot but bathed in strange light so that some of the people declared they could look right into it without being blinded.



THE SIGN CAME. According to witnesses the sun left its orbit, flung itself crazily at earth, as if to crash, then righted itself. But some witnesses saw nothing unusual.

THE CONTROVERSY



DISBELIEVER is Arthur Santos, police official at time of the visions and a suspected Communist. He tried to lock up the children, but public opinion made him free them.



BELIEVER is Carlos de Azevedo Mendes, mayor of a nearby town. He doubted children but became convinced when Lúcia, after the miracle, asked him to repent his sins.



SUPPORTER of story of visions is Father Galamba, here holding an apron worn by Jacinta during one of her visions. Holes in the apron were torn by souvenir hunters.

THE PILGRIMS



DICTATOR FRANCO of Spain, here crossing himself before image of Virgin of Fátima, is one of many devout Catholics who have made pilgrimages to Fátima statues.



GRATEFUL WOMAN whose husband recovered from eczema fulfills a promise she made before the cure by walking 300 yards on her knees to thank the Virgin of Fátima.



BLIND PRINCESS Maria del Pilar, Queen of Spain's granddaughter (right), has come to Fátima seven times, hoping to regain her sight, but she has not yet been cured.



A HEROINE to the crowd, Jacinta, the youngest of the three children, was carried away after the miracle. People by then were convinced that the children had seen vision.



SURVIVOR of the three children who saw the visions is Lúcia, now a nun shown (above, center) visiting the place where she saw the apparition. She seldom leaves convent, where she is treated by Church as an ordinary nun. She says she has seen visions of Virgin many times since 1917.

TWO DEAD CHILDREN, Francisco and Jacinta, lie in the impressive tomb below. Both of them died of influenza a few years after the visions. In the next years they continued to tend sheep. Tourists used to come to Fátima, bother them with questions, sometimes gave them money.



PARENTS of Francisco and Jacinta believed and defended their children. But the mother of Lúcia at first refused to believe the story and tried to hush up her child.



CURED CRIPPLE, whose side was paralyzed, came to Fátima in 1938 as a scoffer, suddenly fainted. Reviving, he stood up, walked off, has been able to walk ever since.





BISHOP JOSE OF LEIRIA, PORTUGAL, GUARDS VIRGIN'S SECRET PROPHECY TO BE OPENED IN 1960. ON ENVELOPE ARE INSTRUCTIONS ON WHAT TO DO IF BISHOP DIES

THE LAST PROPHECY IS STILL A SECRET

In the sealed envelope above lies an undivulged prophecy which Lúcia says she got from the Virgin. Only Lúcia is supposed to know what mystery it contains. Lúcia hopes the prediction will come true but will not allow it to be opened until 1960. She first wrote down the prophecies in 1927 after two of

them had been fulfilled: her cousins' death and the end of the First World War. On advice of a priest she tore them up. In 1929 she rewrote them and sent them to the Vatican, where they were read but not made public until 1942, after the third prediction—of a second world war—had come true.

Coffee Time

when good neighbors gather on the village green to add touches of festive color to a White Christmas. Hot, fragrant coffee contributes to the holiday cheer... and because Maxwell House is America's favorite—coffee time is Maxwell House time wherever you go. Painted by Joseph Hirsch.

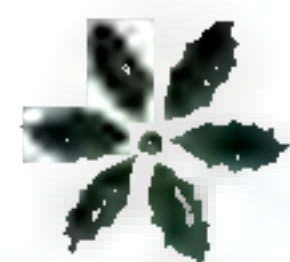


Because that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor adds so much real enjoyment to our daily living, Maxwell House is America's favorite, of ALL brands of coffee, at ANY price! North, South, East, or West, Maxwell House is truly part of the American Scene.



Throughout this nation of coffee lovers **MORE PEOPLE BUY AND ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF COFFEE!**

TIME IN MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME starring George Burns and Gracie Allen NBC Thursday nights



after your first sip...



you'll be glad it

blended whiskies

GIBSON'S SELECTED 8 • 90 PROOF • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • GIBSON'S XXXX • 86.6 PROOF

you'll be glad it was



Gibson's Selected 8

you'll be glad it was



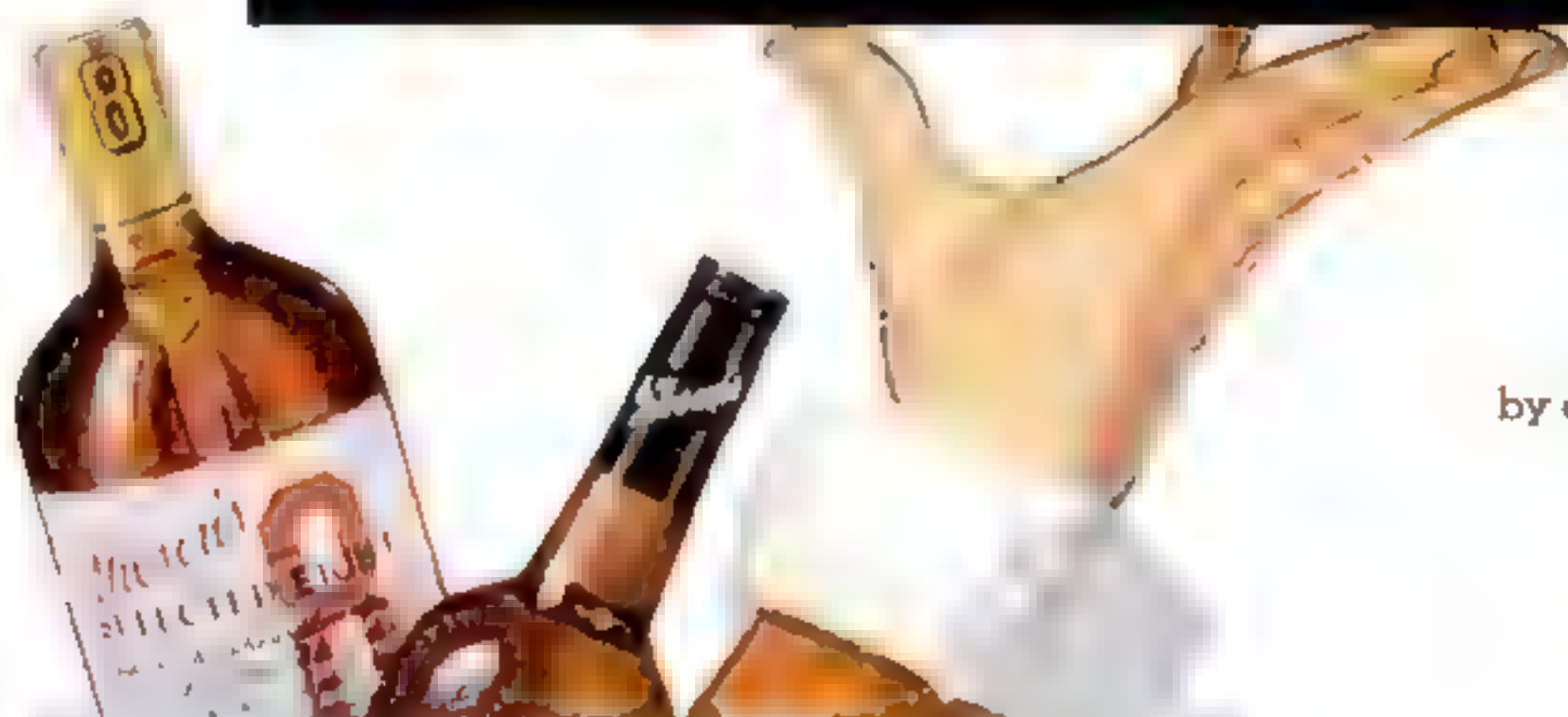
Gibson's XXXX

was

Gibson's

whiskies

for goodness assured
by over 100 years
of knowing how.



65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

THE GIBSON DISTILLING COMPANY, N. Y., N. Y.



HOSPITALITY AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA. — the first permanent settlement in America — captures much of the old-world Spanish custom. Painted for the De Beers Collection by R. René Bouché.

a Diamond
is forever

How happily they've shared the gay adventures of this new life together . . . the first kiss at the ceremony's end, the wedding cake enjoyed with relatives and friends and, now, this magic sojourn through a world made bright by love. Deep in her engagement diamond, each such joy is chronicled in lively lights, to shine for them for always with precious memories. That is why her diamond, though it need not be costly or of many carats, should be chosen with special care. Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



One-quarter carat \$90 to \$205



One-half carat \$250 to \$450



One carat \$600 to \$1185



Two carats \$1400 to \$3335



INSIDE THE NEW TUBE, DEMONSTRATED BY GRADUATE STUDENT TETENBAUM, THE LINES OF FORCE OF A SMALL MAGNET SHOW UP AS A BRILLIANT ARC OF LIGHT

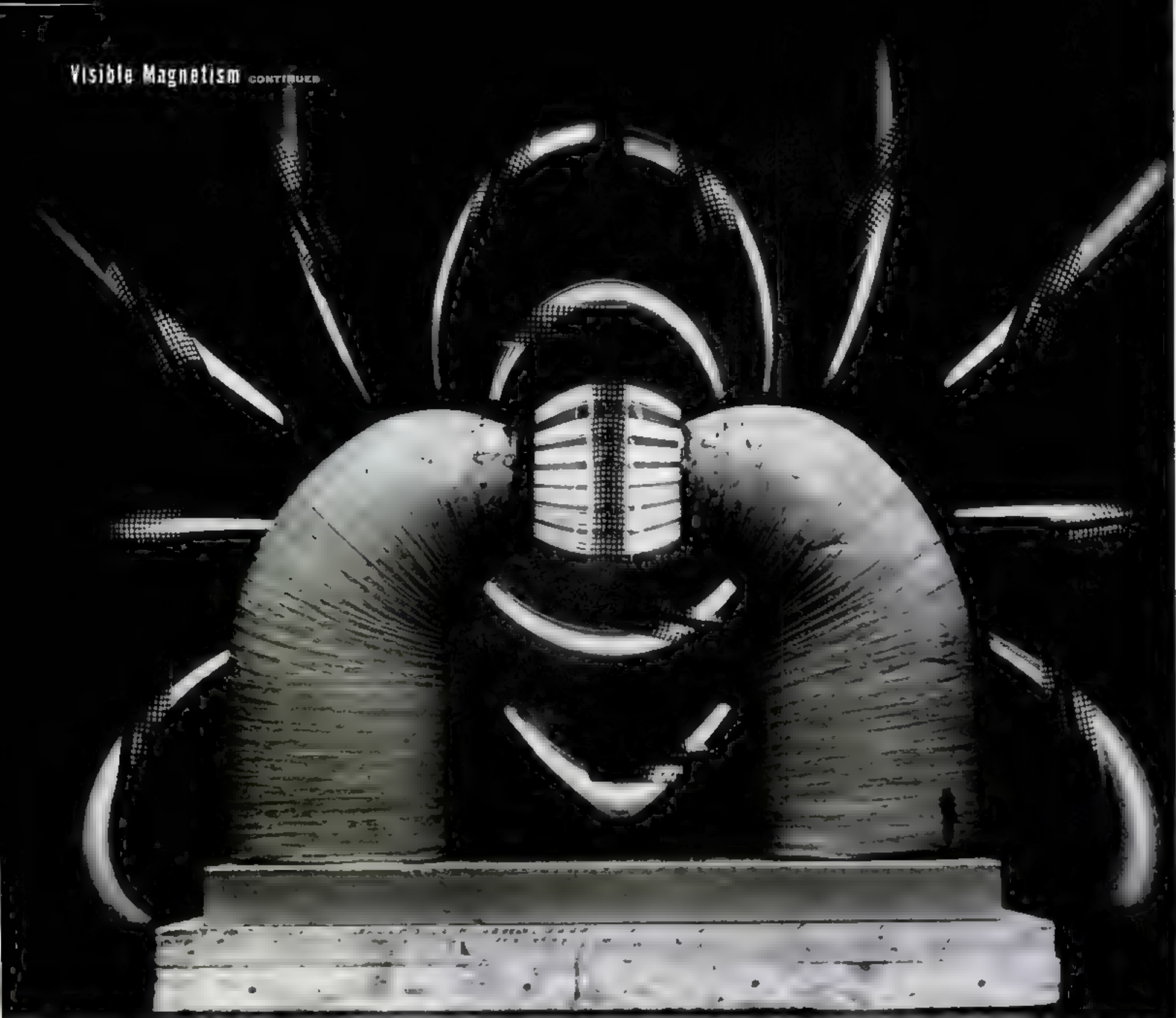
VISIBLE MAGNETISM

A new electron tube makes invisible lines of magnetic force appear as curving patterns of bluish light

A special electron tube which turns the invisible lines of magnetic force into visible beams of light (*above*) has given scientists their newest method of studying the phenomenon of magnetism. Developed by N.Y.U. Engineer S. G. Lutz and built by graduate student S. J. Tetenbaum, the new tube is the most dramatic means yet devised

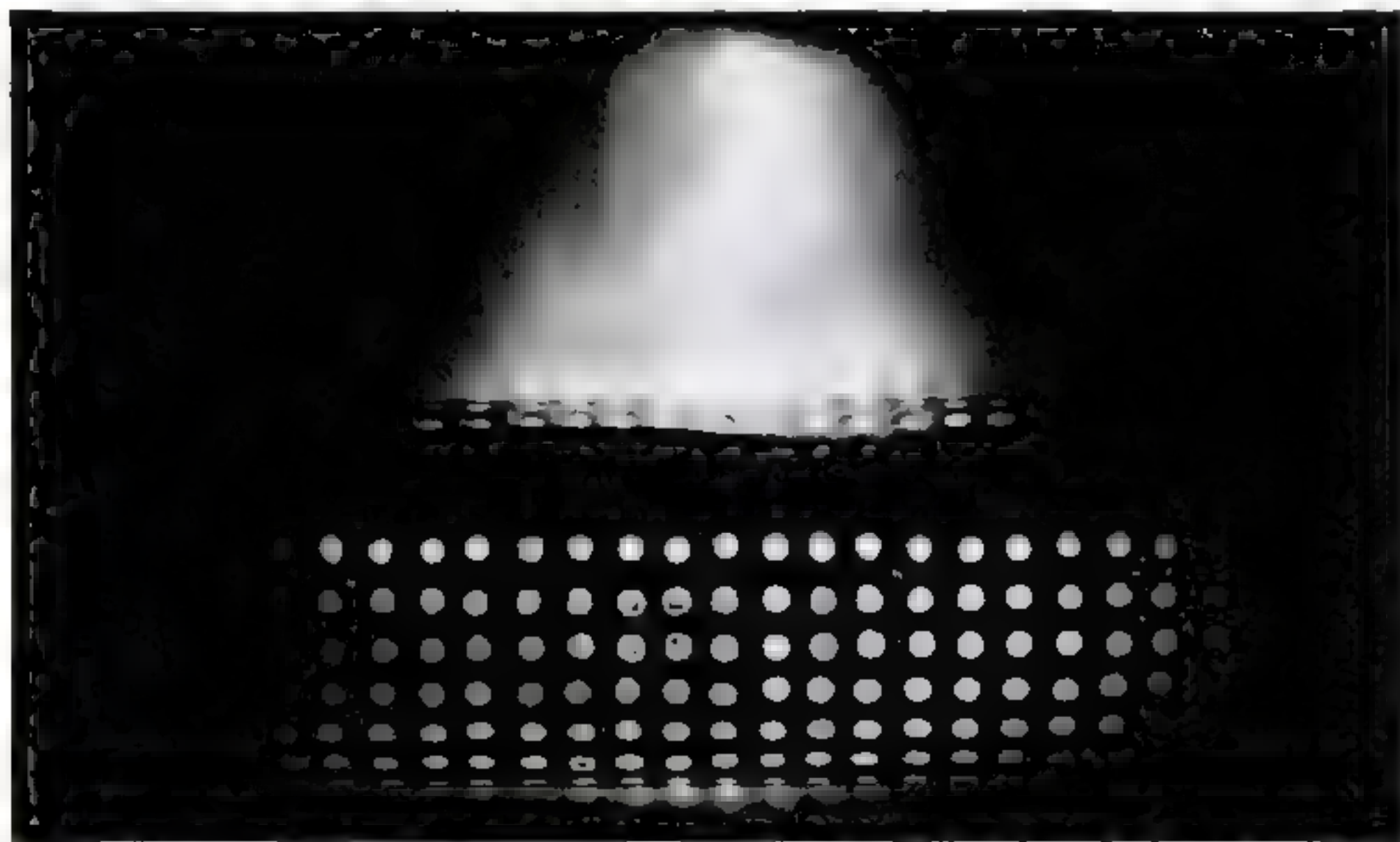
for visualizing the elaborate symmetry of magnetic fields. The arcs of light which appear in the gas-filled tube when it is held near a magnet are actually caused by the collision of streams of electrons, created within the tube, with the floating gas molecules. But because these electron streams follow accurately the lines of magnetic

force, the visual effect is that of seeing magnetism itself. The entire field of a magnet can be mapped with multiple-exposure photographs (*next page*). And the old high-school demonstration in which iron filings group themselves in patterns on a paper laid over a magnet can be replaced with this clearer and far more spectacular electronic method.



MAGNETIC FIELD of a radar magnet is mapped in this multiple-exposure photograph. To make the picture, the magnet itself was first photographed in ordinary light. Then the tube was held close to it, as in picture at right below, and photographed in 20

different positions to show the many variations in curvature of the lines of force in different parts of the field. These exposures were made in a completely darkened room so that only the tube's bright beam and part of its metal core would be visible.



INSIDE THE TUBE streams of electrons generated in its electrically heated center pour outward through rows of tiny perforations in metal core. Here, under

the influence of a weak magnetic field, the beams form a weak, ill-defined cone of light. In a strong field, as in picture at top, they form clear arcs within the tube.



TUBE AND MAGNET used in the picture at top are demonstrated by Engineer Lutz. Magnet's poles are padded to prevent instruments from sticking to them.



CANADIAN WHISKY — A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
 This Whisky is Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, N. Y.



Like Icing On a Cake... **THEY WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER!**

Paramount presents "The
Paleface"
Color by
Technicolor

Toss your lariat around this one, folks! Bob on the Road to Ruin with Russell is enough to make Pike's Peak peek! Come in and set, pardner... for a bouncing, boisterous, big entertainment binge!

Join The Big Fun Posse!
Howl as Amorous
Calamity Jane...
Makes Bashful Bob
Prove He's A Man
Or A Mouse!

More Laughs Than
You Can Shake A
Wigwam At, With Bob
As Two-Gun King
Of The Dirty
Shame Saloon!

Y-a-h-o-o!
When Hope Sings
"Buttons And
Bows"—Hillbilly
Hit Of The Year!

starring **Bob
HOPE**
Jane

RUSSELL

Produced by **ROBERT L. WELCH**

Directed by **NORMAN Z. McLEOD**

Original Screenplay by Edmund Hartmann and
Frank Tashlin • Additional Dialogue by Jack Rose





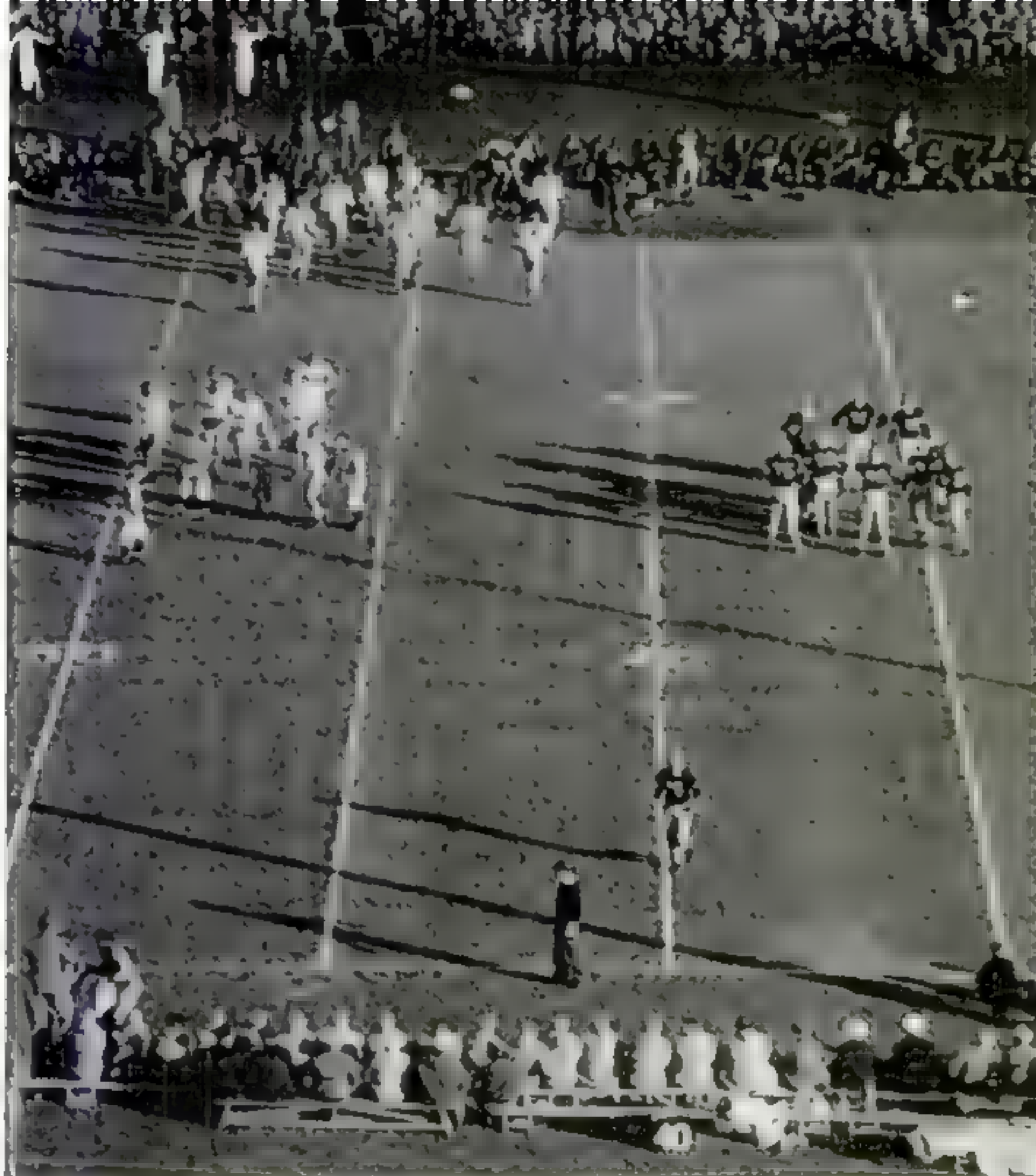
CARTOON LAMPOONS FOOTBALL SPECIALISTS

HOT STOVE TOPIC NO. 1

Substitution rule stirs football controversy

Wherever football fans, coaches and sportswriters assemble for Hot Stove League gabfests between now and next fall there is sure to be an argument. The subject of controversy is the so-called unlimited substitution rule, which places no restriction on the number of times a player can enter or leave the game. For big universities with unlimited manpower, this is a great advantage. During the past season teams like Army (right), Michigan, Cornell and North Carolina ran in complete new units every time the ball changed hands. As a result this year's Associated Press All-America team included three men who almost never played on defense.

Is that good? Some fans obviously think not; Army's platoons were booed on Nov. 6 when they ran up a 43-0 score against an outmanned Stanford team. The oldtimers, who played 60 minutes a game, think the rule is ruining college football. For the more reasoned opinions of coaches and sportswriters, turn the page.



ARMY-NAVY GAME shows the two extremes of substitution. At left Army sends in a whole new platoon while Navy team, composed of double-duty players, makes only one change, (right).



LUNCHEON DISCUSSION at Toots Shor's in New York, where meetings of coaches and newspapermen are dominated by the controversy, involves Dave Camerer (foreground), former Dartmouth tackle and (background, left to right) Scripps-

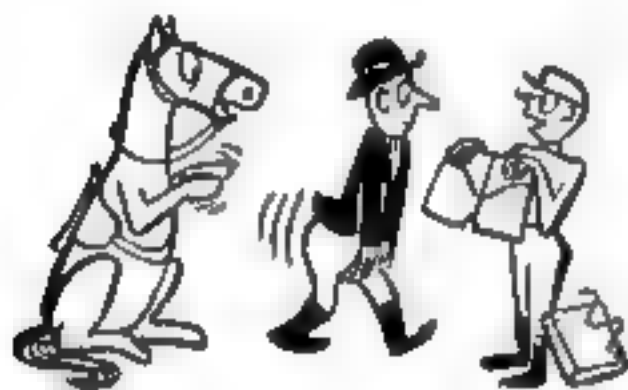
Howard's Larry Robinson, Coaches Andy Kerr and Bernie Bierman, and New York Sun's Grantland Rice. Camerer thinks rule has made football "a miserable joke," Robinson and Kerr favor it, Bierman wants to modify it and Rice can't make up his mind.



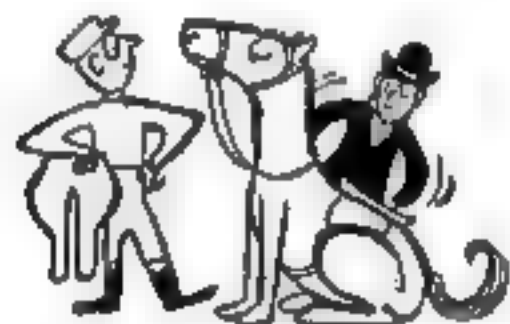
The shorts of a rider named Morse



Made him wriggle and squirm on the horse.



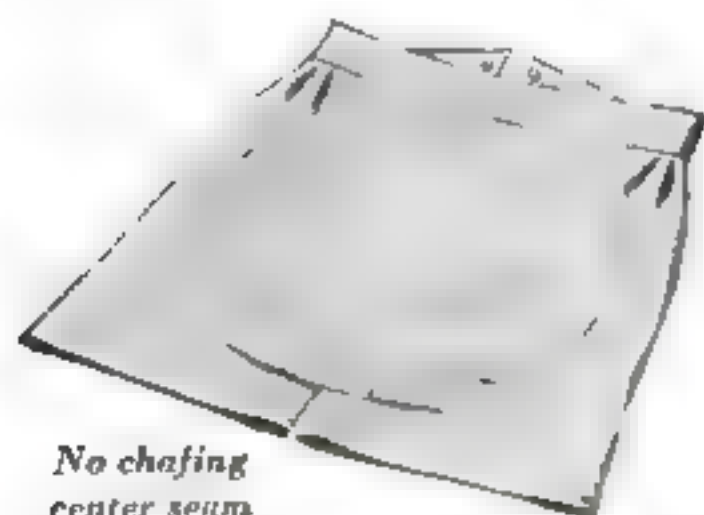
Said a clever young groom,



"You need lots of room,"



"Arrow Shorts are the ones I endorse."



No chafing center seam

Sanforized-labeled • Gripper fasteners elastic or tie side • SPRINTER (all-elastic waistband) • adjustable back.

ARROW
SHORTS

\$1.25 \$1.50 \$1.65 • Arrow Undershirts, 85c up

Made by the makers of Arrow Shirts
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

THE COACHES SAY:



EARL BLAIK, Army: "It makes for a much faster game. The players are all for specialization because many of them would not otherwise get a chance to play. The arguments of the old 60-minute diehards just amuse me. Nobody has ever asked the old-timers who had to sit on the bench how they felt while those 60-minute guys were playing the whole game."



TOM HAMILTON, former Navy coach who will become director of athletics at Pittsburgh on Feb. 1: "I don't think it puts the test of football on all of the boys. Football is such a wonderful training medium for young men that I feel they should get all that it has to offer—by playing all phases of the game. You don't get it by being a one-play specialist."



GEORGE SAUER, who succeeded Hamilton as Navy's coach: "I think it's a good thing, especially for schools that have lots of material, like Notre Dame and Army. It hurts schools with small squads. This year we didn't have material to take full advantage of the rule; we sometimes switched as many as four or five men, but often only one at a time."



LOU LITTLE, Columbia: "To provide the best game of football the 11 best men must be on the field. We can't have them there without liberal substitutions. We can't get all men to do all things; this rule permits us to use the men for what they can do best. It doesn't hurt small teams, either; no legislation can make a strong team stronger and a weak team weaker."



TUSS McLAUGHRY, Dartmouth: "This year Ivy League football showed noticeable improvement, and I give much credit to the free-substitution rule. Offensive play was better, and the whole tempo of the game faster and more sparkling. I substitute as much as I can—usually four or five men at a time. I would substitute even more freely if I had the material."

THE WRITERS SAY:



"SPIKE" CLAASSEN, Associated Press: "I don't like the unadulterated specialization permitted by the rule. You might as well put a new player into a tennis match when one man's backhand gets tired. I'll be for unlimited substitutions in football when a baseball manager can send nine sluggers up to bat and then substitute nine fielders on the defense."



FRANK GRAHAM, columnist for the New York Journal-American: "I don't like the new rule but I'm sure it's here to stay. Opposing it is like being against evolution. But I'm old-fashioned enough to want to see college football players play as much of the game as they possibly can. I like to think that a good man should be able to play on defense as well as offense."



ARCH WARD, sports editor of the Chicago Tribune: "In general I think the rule is helpful to everyone except news reporters and radio broadcasters, who have a tough time keeping up with the substitutes. It has certainly eased the strain on the players, who used to have to know both offensive and defensive assignments. Now a player needs to know only one."



RALPH TROST, Brooklyn Eagle: "It makes for a cluttery, messy football game. Yale got a gift touchdown against Harvard this year because of the free-substitution rule when Harvard was penalized for having 12 players on the field. The whole idea of letting more men into the game cheapens college football. You can't keep a game good and make it easier to play."



JOE WILLIAMS, Scripps-Howard columnist: "This is the best football I've ever seen. The rule is the most exciting thing that has ever happened to the game. It takes tired guys off the field. In the old days men sometimes got killed because a coach wouldn't take them out. Who wants to be an iron man? It just means you have bigger muscles than the other guy."



Topsy and Turvy



Commando



Happy Christmas to all—
and to all a good night!



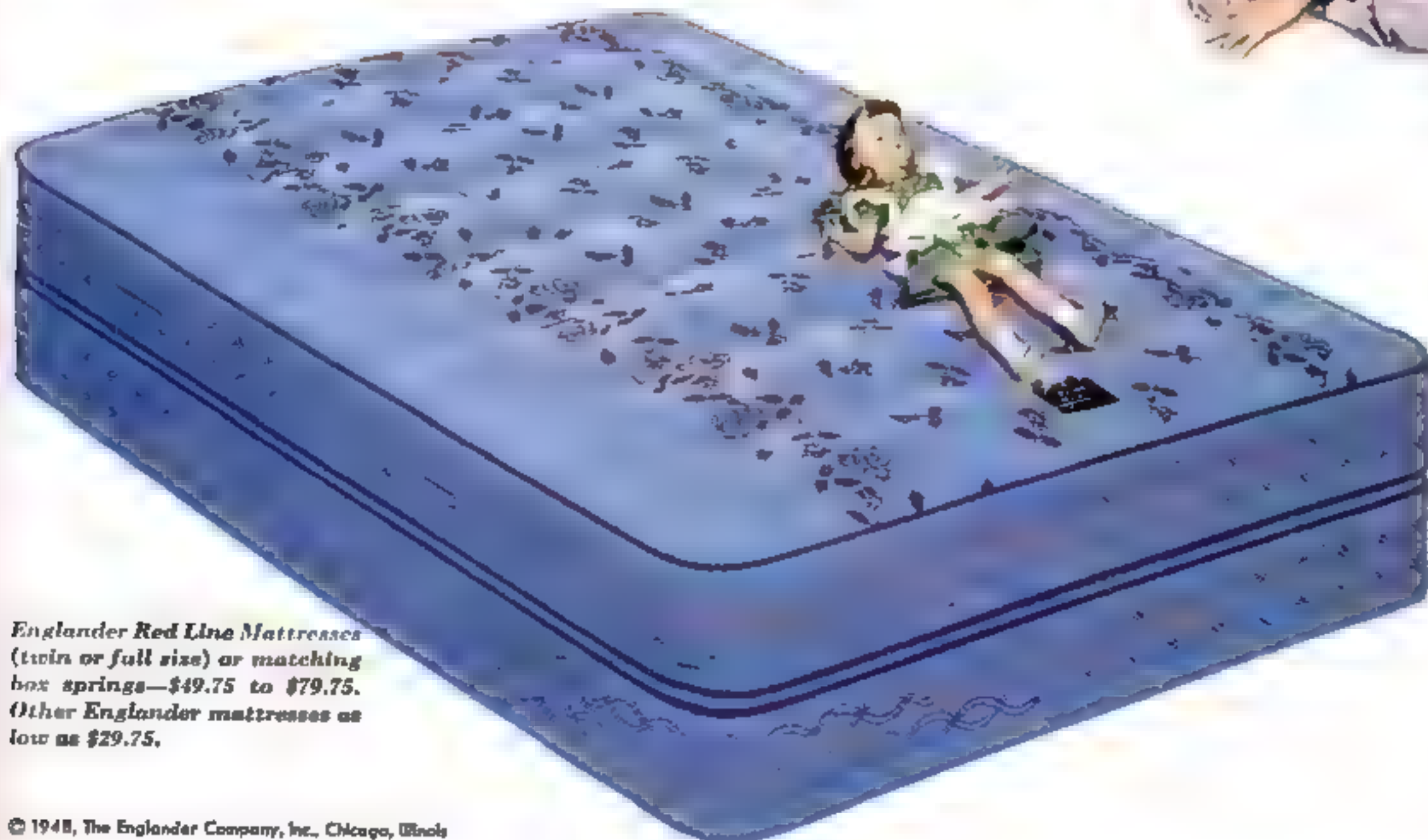
Bird Dog



Fitful



Steam Roller



Englander Red Line Mattresses (twin or full size) or matching box springs—\$49.75 to \$79.75. Other Englander mattresses as low as \$29.75.

Bird Dog, Topsy and Turvy, Commando, Fitful, and good old Steam Roller...all the now famous Englander sleeping characters join in wishing you a Happy Christmas and a wonderful night's sleep. They remind you, too, that there will be 365 nights next year . . . 365 separate and distinct times you can lie down, relax, close your eyes, and thank your lucky stars that you are sleeping on an Englander (and will be for years to come)—the *only* mattress in the world with completely individual spring action.

...AND TO BEST FRIENDS

GIVE

HIRAM WALKER'S

"Here's to you, Ted"—and the Christmas gift that says it best is one or more of these famed bottles with *Hiram Walker's* on the label.

Canadian Club has made the Hiram Walker name renowned in 87 lands, for this distinguished and distinctive whisky is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.

Walker's DeLuxe is Hiram Walker's straight bourbon whiskey, 6 years old, elegant in taste, uncommonly good.

Imperial has behind it something good to know—Hiram Walker's 90 years of whiskey wisdom.

Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin is the first thought for fine gin drinks because Hiram Walker makes it with *Imported Botanicals*.

CANADIAN CLUB—Imported from Walkerville, Canada. Blended Canadian Whisky 6 years old 90.4 proof • WALKER'S DeLUXE Straight bourbon whiskey 6 years old 86 proof • HIRAM WALKER'S GIN Distilled London Dry Gin 90 proof Distilled from 100% American grain. • IMPERIAL—Blended whiskey 86 proof 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.





1942

W

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled in
Hiram Walker & Sons
Winemakers
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
80+ U.S. PROOF

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858

Established 1858

Walker's
DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whisky
Distilled by
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Hiram Walker



SPINNING A YARN about gambling for an Egyptian dancer's love, José Ferrer displays doubt, hope, joy, unbearable suspense.

BEST ACTOR

José Ferrer triumphs as a tramp who brings joy to old folks' home

"The most able, the most stimulating and the most versatile actor of his generation in America." The *New York Times* paid this high tribute to José Ferrer after seeing him in the new comedy, *The Silver Whistle*. Other critics echoed the *Times*'s enthusiasm and Ferrer was rated the best U.S. actor of the season, adding to the movie laurels he won this fall as the Dauphin in *Joan of Arc*.

Versatile José Ferrer, who is 36, has won other high tributes under a woman's wig in *Charley's Aunt* (1940), a Venetian beard in *Othello* (1943), a patty nose in *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1946). To all of these roles Ferrer, born of a prominent Puerto Rican family and educated at Princeton University, brought a Latin gusto and frank staginess. In *Silver Whistle*, by Robert McEnroe, Ferrer acts a tramp who brings hope to an old folks' home by doling out phony rejuvenation pills. His performance, topping a whole cast of first-rate actors, turns a so-so play into an engaging theater piece.



FERRER AND HIS ROOSTER Omar visit an old folks' home, where they find the downhearted inmates

waiting around to die. To restore their spirits he tells tall tales, preaches the philosophy of Omar Khayyám.

SONJA HENIE
star of "THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO,"
A Universal-International Release,
says

"RC
tastes best!"



"Recently I took the famous cola taste-test...tried leading colas in paper cups..."



"One cola in the test tasted best by far. My winner turned out to be Royal Crown Cola!"



"That's why I've enjoyed RC ever since—why I always serve it at home to my friends!"



Yes! Only RC gives you all 3:
(1) Cool refreshment.
(2) Two full glasses.
(3) Best by taste-test flavor!

Best Actor CONTINUED



A SECRET DRINKER hides bottle in a tree at the old folks' home where Ferrer, a picaresque hobo, is visiting. He and two of the inmates watch from a fence, later help themselves from bottle to increase their own joy in living.

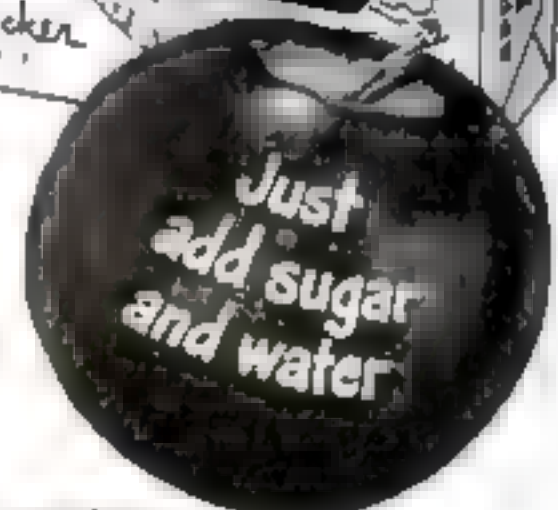


A FORBIDDEN PARTY, sparked off by the pilfered liquor and the "youth" pills which Ferrer has been giving out, is broken up when the reverend appears at the church door, and the inmates in their nightshirts scamper off to bed.



A SHELL GAME is introduced by Ferrer, who lures the bishop into guessing which walnut shell hides the pea. Ferrer at a church bazaar helps raise money for his friends and then departs, having enriched their meager lives.

Make grand apple pie this sure, speedy way



Betty Crocker says:

"Pour water on choice, fresh-flavored apple slices, roll out easy-to-handle pie crust mix. Add juicy filling to tender pastry and pop in oven."



A PAT REMARK

Tim's old Uncle Pat would never admit he had anything here that they didn't have first in Ireland.

One morning, Tim gave him a bowl of hot cereal and got him to admit it was the best he ever tasted.

"You never had that in Ireland," said Tim.

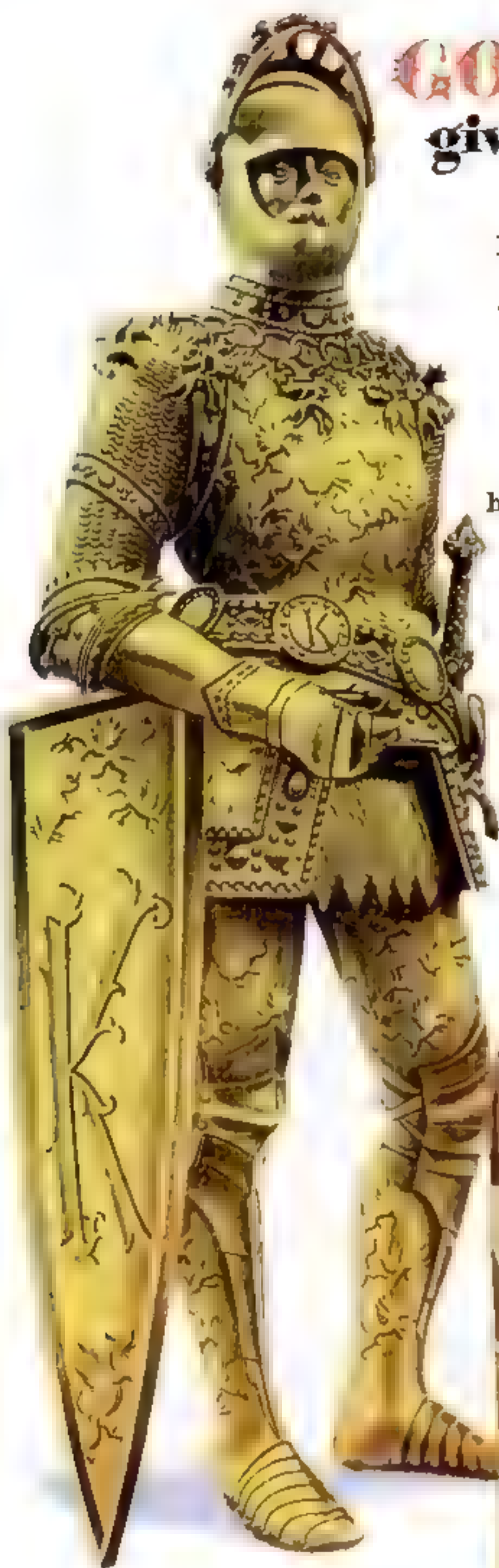
"What's its name?" asked his uncle, and on being told it was Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, he roared.

"So they've Anglicized it? In the auld country, we called it O'Wheat-Meal."

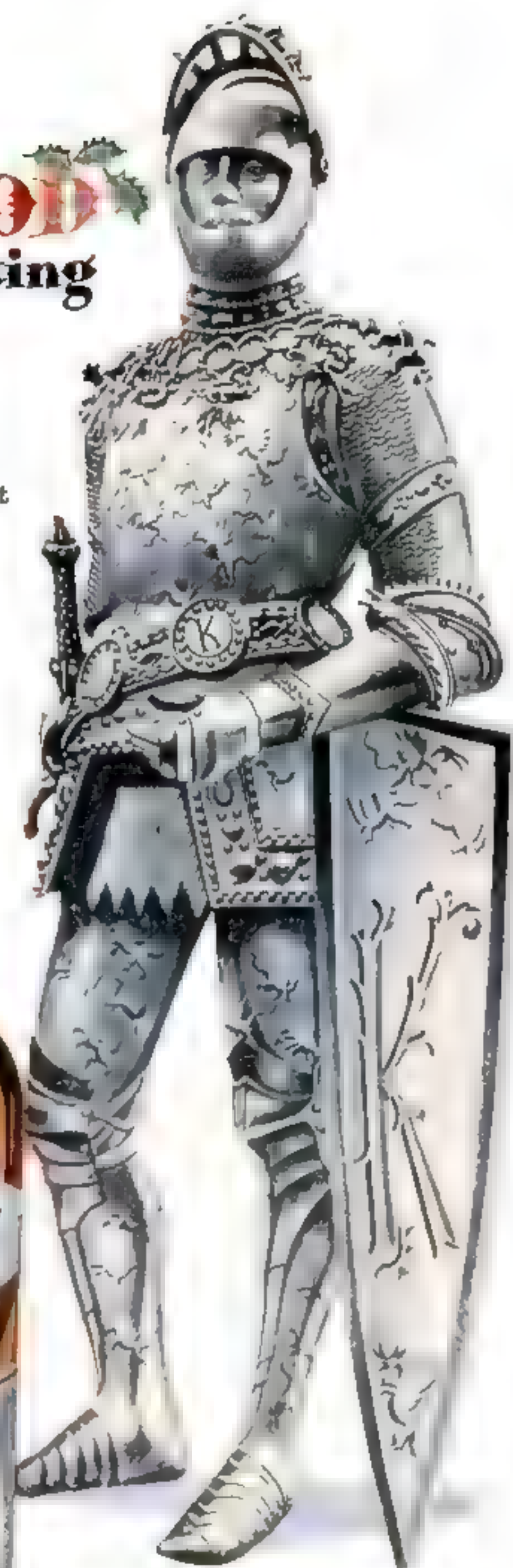
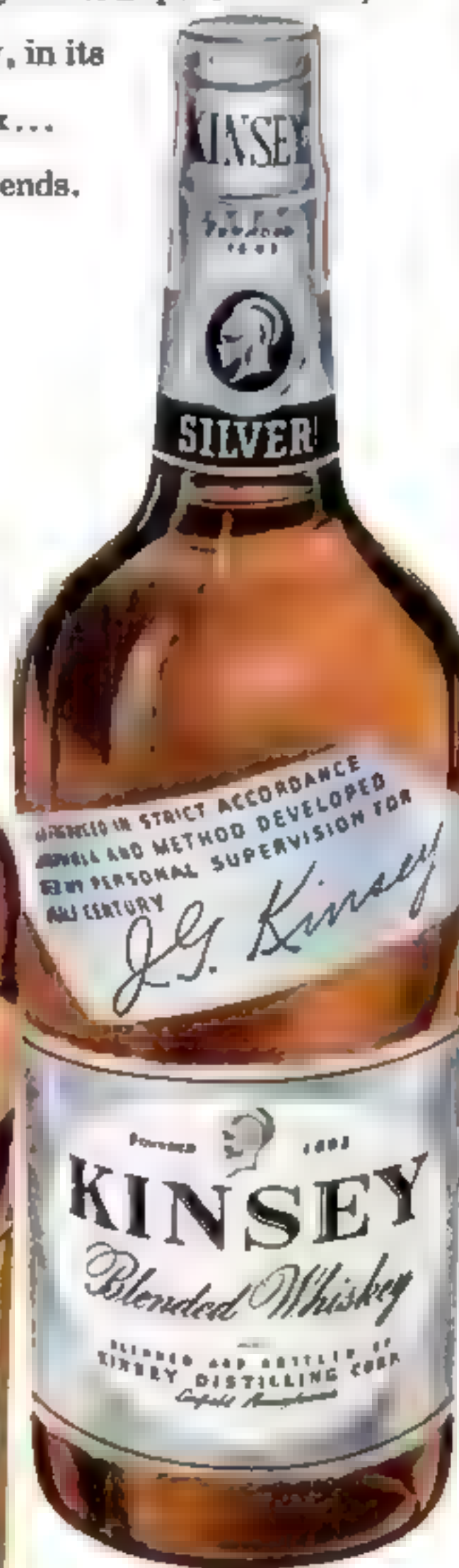
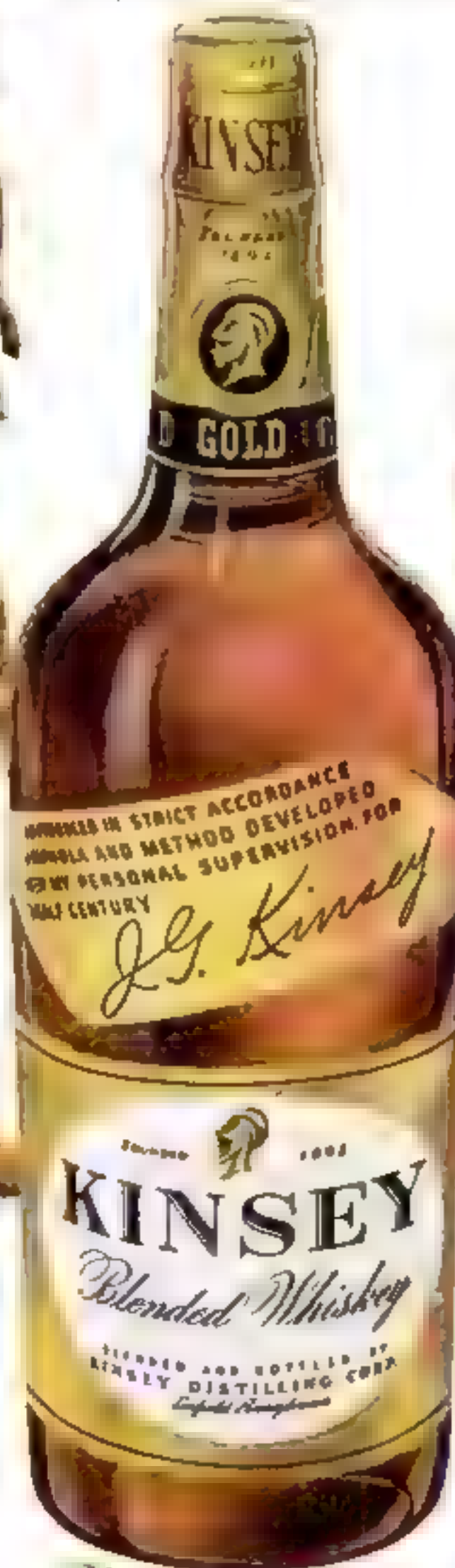
(ADVT.)

GOOD...GOOD...GOOD
giving getting drinking

Blended with the skill of more than half a century
 ...unsurpassed in quality ... and famed for
 "That Noble, Noble Flavor"... Kinsey is the perfect
 whiskey for holiday enjoyment. Superb in value,
 too...so choose Kinsey, in its
 handsome Christmas gift box...
 for yourself...for your friends.



KINSEY "GOLD"
*Rich, full-bodied...and
 unexcelled in its price class.*



KINSEY "SILVER"
*Light, mellow...and
 unexcelled in its price class.*

That Noble, Noble Flavor

KINSEY

Choice Blended Whiskies - Gold Label: 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label: 86.8 Proof. 72 1/2% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.



Why "BAND" a duck?

● The band on the duck's leg marks him as part of a great research project. Thousands of wild ducks have been trapped, banded, and released. When a hunter brings down a banded duck, as a sportsman he returns the band to Washington, telling where and when he got the duck.

With this information collected, experts map the breeding grounds, migratory routes, and feeding habits of the whole "duck population." This leads to establishment of protected breeding grounds in the North and refuges on the main routes South. The result will be more ducks—better shooting tomorrow.

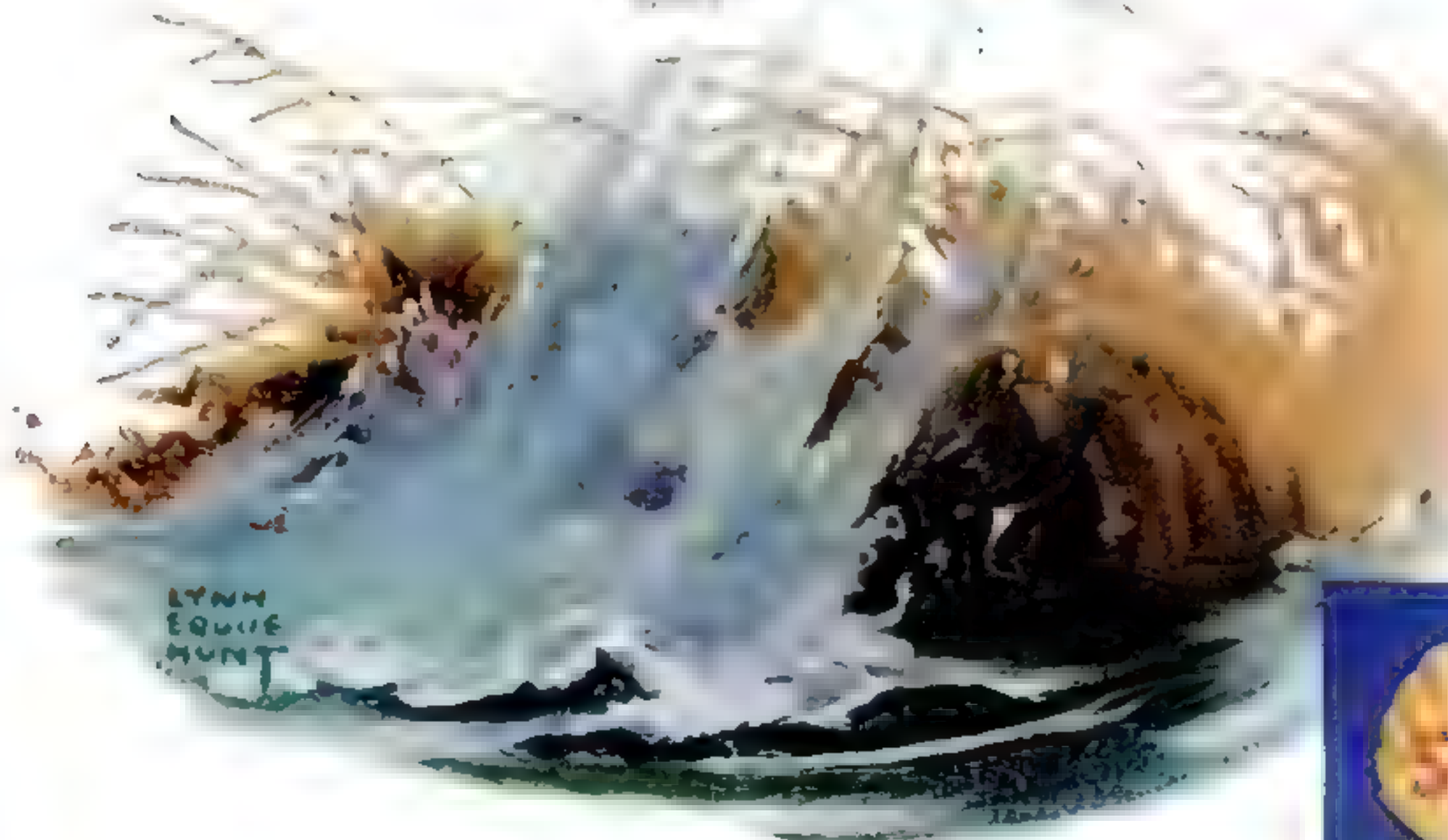
Now, scientists are "banding" *atoms*—one of the first peace-time applications resulting from nuclear research. By using these tagged atoms, and tracing their "migratory routes," Shell scientists are advancing rapidly in their knowledge of the behavior of oil molecules made up of these atoms...

At Shell laboratories, they use *isotopes* of carbon atoms, for example. These isotopes differ from the other carbon atoms in petroleum only by a slight difference in weight—or because they have been made radioactive through nuclear bombardment.

That "bands" them. They behave like other carbon atoms, but as they combine or separate in a laboratory experiment the research scientist has instruments with which he can trace their path, "watch" their behavior. These tagged atoms become like banded ducks to him... opening new paths to knowledge. They also help him get rid of some of the tedious, costly trial-and-error which has often been part of the development of a new process or better product.

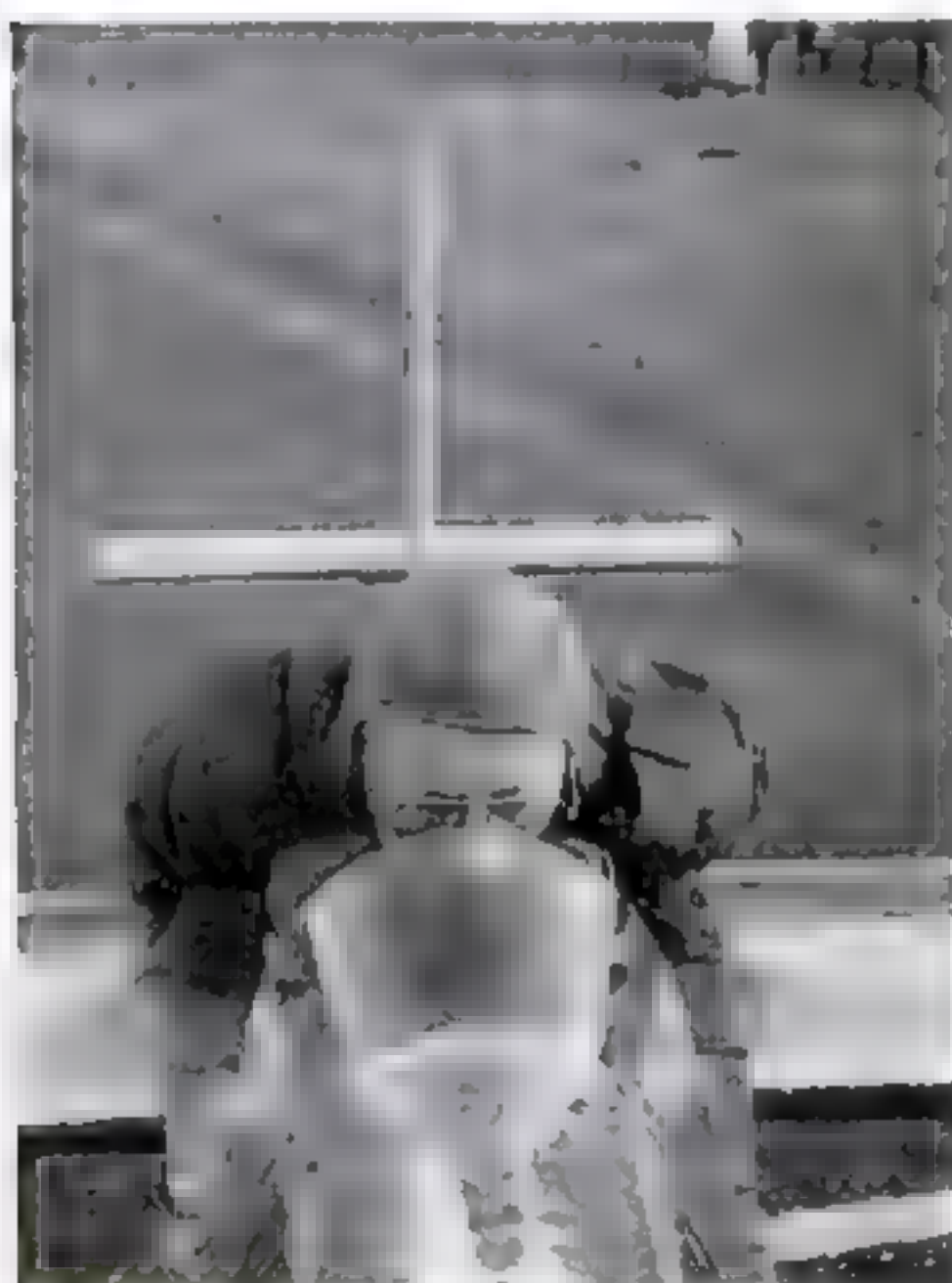
This new weapon for research is aimed at definite, practical objectives: better, more useful products... at a lower cost to everybody.

Progress in the use of "banded atoms" is only one of hundreds of research achievements through which Shell demonstrates leadership in the petroleum industry, and in petroleum products. Wherever you see the Shell name and trade mark, Shell Research is your guarantee of quality.





WEEBEE TAKES OFF ON FIRST FLIGHT AT EL CAJON, CALIF. TEST PILOT WILLIAM C. BOUCK IS ON ITS BACK. WITH A 90 MPH TOP SPEED IT CAN STAY UP FOR ONE HOUR



PILOT'S CHIN rests on soft rubber cushion. Others (below) support his body. Windshield protects his face.

AIR SCOOTER

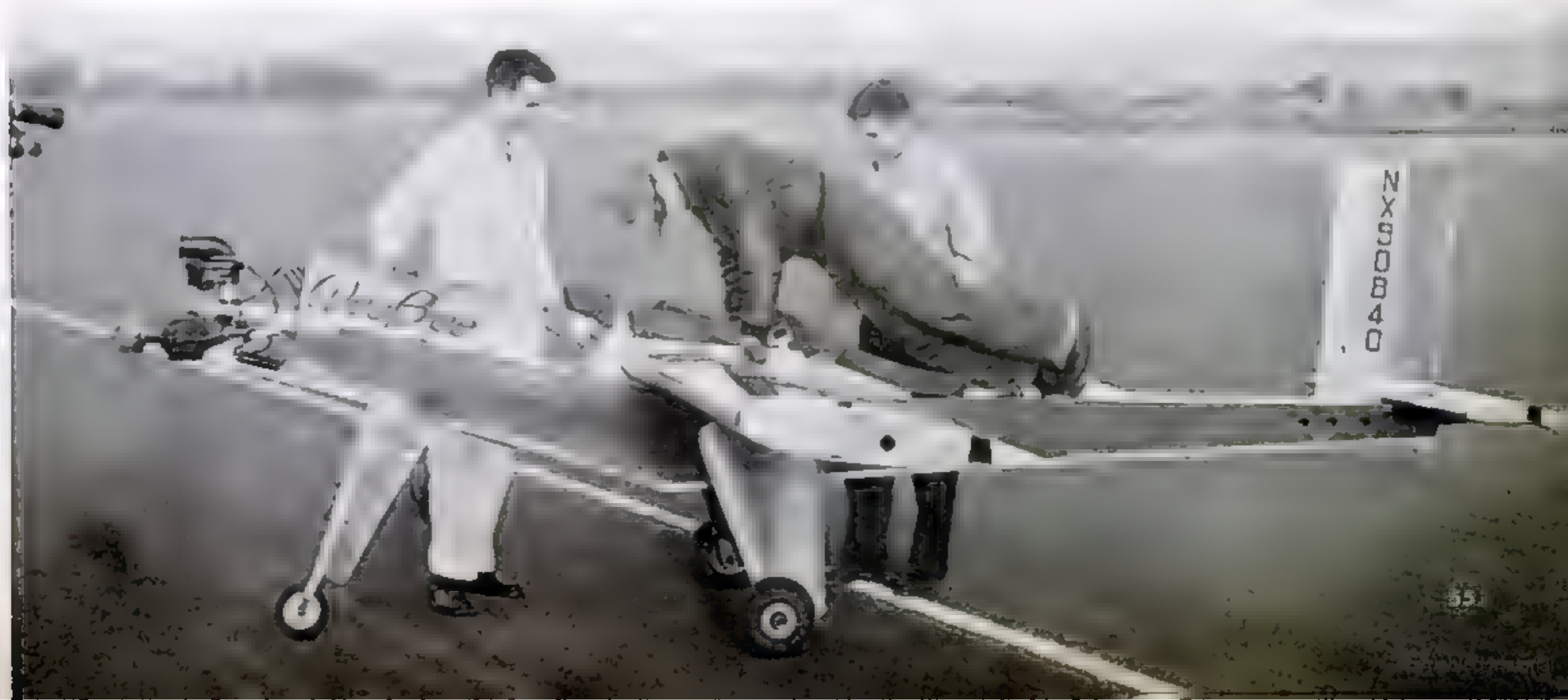
Nation's smallest airplane flies with a pilot on it but not in it

How small can an airplane get? To answer this question three Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. engineers built the tiny 18½ horsepower experimental machine shown here for \$300. Called the WeeBee, it is probably the smallest piloted airplane ever to fly. It weighs only 170 pounds and has no room inside it for the pilot. He lies on top of it and to manipulate stick, flaps and throttle, his hands reach into the "cockpit" through two holes in the aluminum skin. His feet (right) rest on the rudder pedals half way down the fuselage. The WeeBee first flew last month when the test pilot (above) skimmed it 20 feet above the runway during taxi tests. Built originally for fun, the WeeBee has stirred up so much interest that its makers now hope to produce it in quantity to sell for less than \$1,000 as an economical motor scooter of the air.



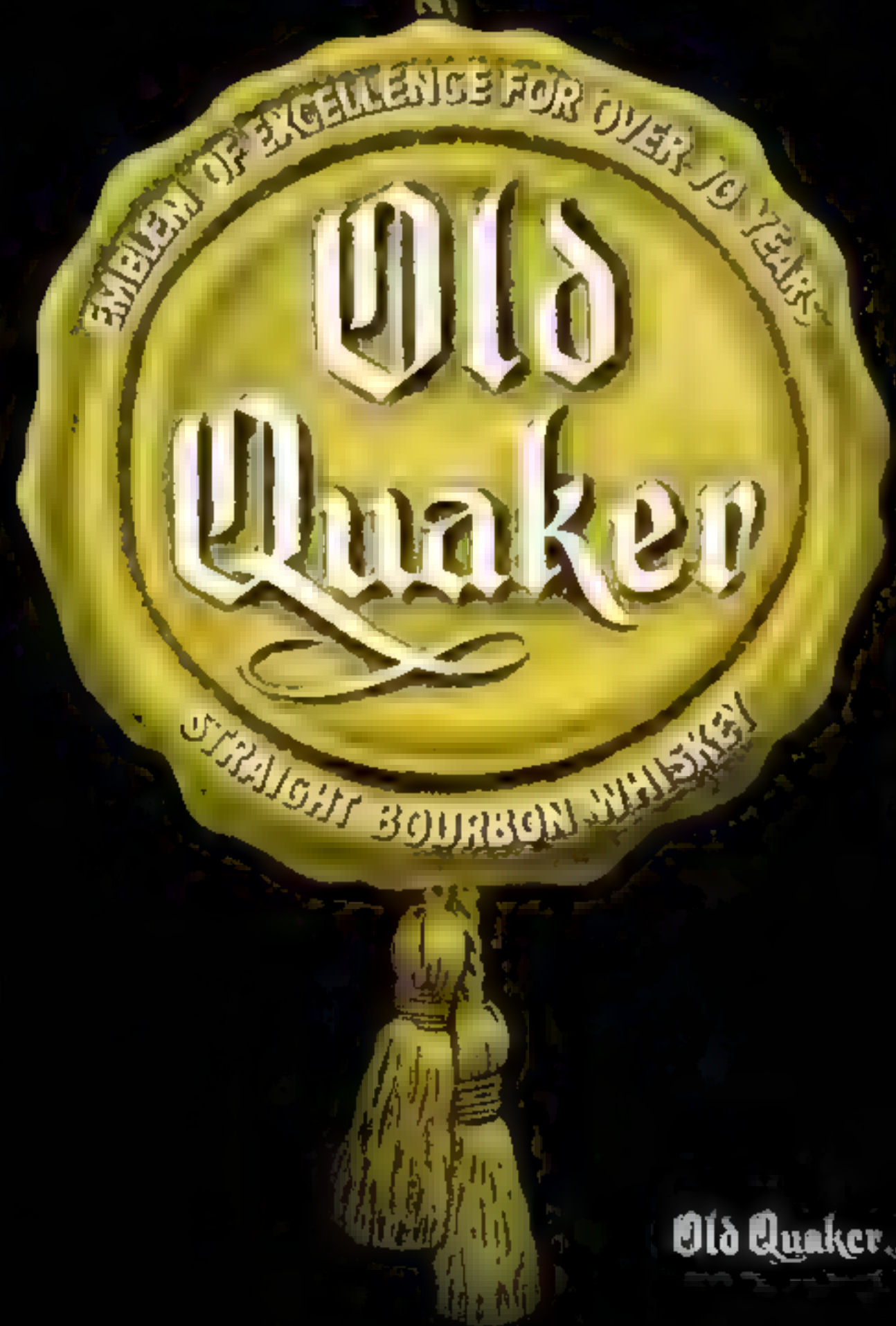
PILOT'S FEET rest on rudder pedals with the toes in fuselage. Pedals work like those of regular plane.

PILOT BOUCK MOUNTS WEEBEE. WAITING TO STRAP HIM ON ARE JAMES WILDER (LEFT) WHO INSTALLED ENGINE AND WILLIAM CHANA, ONE OF THE DESIGNERS



Give
Old Quaker.

THE BOURBON OF FOND MEMORIES



STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

MELLOW WITH AGE

EVERY DROP 6 YEARS OLD



Old Quaker, the heirloom whiskey for connoisseurs.

THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD, 85 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKEY DISTILLING COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Copyrighted material



Miss Wendy Burden

She is 21 and a postdebutante who models and has gone back to school to attend home-economics classes because she believes that every girl should know how to sew and cook. Here she wears a bouffant lace and net gown by Ben Gam.

New York Beauties

Wearing the new fashions, they resemble women of classic portraiture

Portrayed above and on the following pages are four of the most beautiful women in America wearing four of the year's most beautiful formal dresses. All four are members of New York society, which has been producing notable and classic beauties for more than a century. There is an eternally feminine beauty which has attracted artists in every century and which, in the 18th and 19th, became the subject of immortal canvases by Gainsborough, Reynolds and John Singer Sar-

gent. This season's rich and opulent fashions complement it particularly well, and it was in the spirit of classical portraiture that Photographer Philippe Halsman made his pictures. However there is a notable difference between these women and those of the classic portraits: the New York beauty of today lives vigorously, busying herself with charity work, modeling, riding and attending school in costumes far different from those in which she will attend the season's gay balls.



Miss Mary Damon

Daughter of a New York obstetrician, she attended Miss Hewitt's Classes, has modeled, aspires to be in television shows, owns three horses which she loves to ride, summers near Tuxedo Park. Currently she is tutoring a younger sister in geography. Her gown is accordion-pleated gold lamé by Hattie Carnegie.



Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt

One of seven children and a granddaughter of Thomas E. Murray, public-utilities executive and electrical inventor, she eloped three years ago with her famous sportsman husband to link two prominent New York families. She works for United World Federalists. Her Oleg Cassini gown is iridescent paper taffeta.



Miss Cornelia Duryea

She is 18 years old and a debutante of the 1948-49 season. A graduate of the Chapin School, she is studying singing with a private teacher. Photographer Halsman regarded her as more of a continental type than the other three, who to him appeared typically American. Oleg Cassini designed her taffeta dress.

A Truly Great Name
Among America's Great Whiskies



OLD CROW



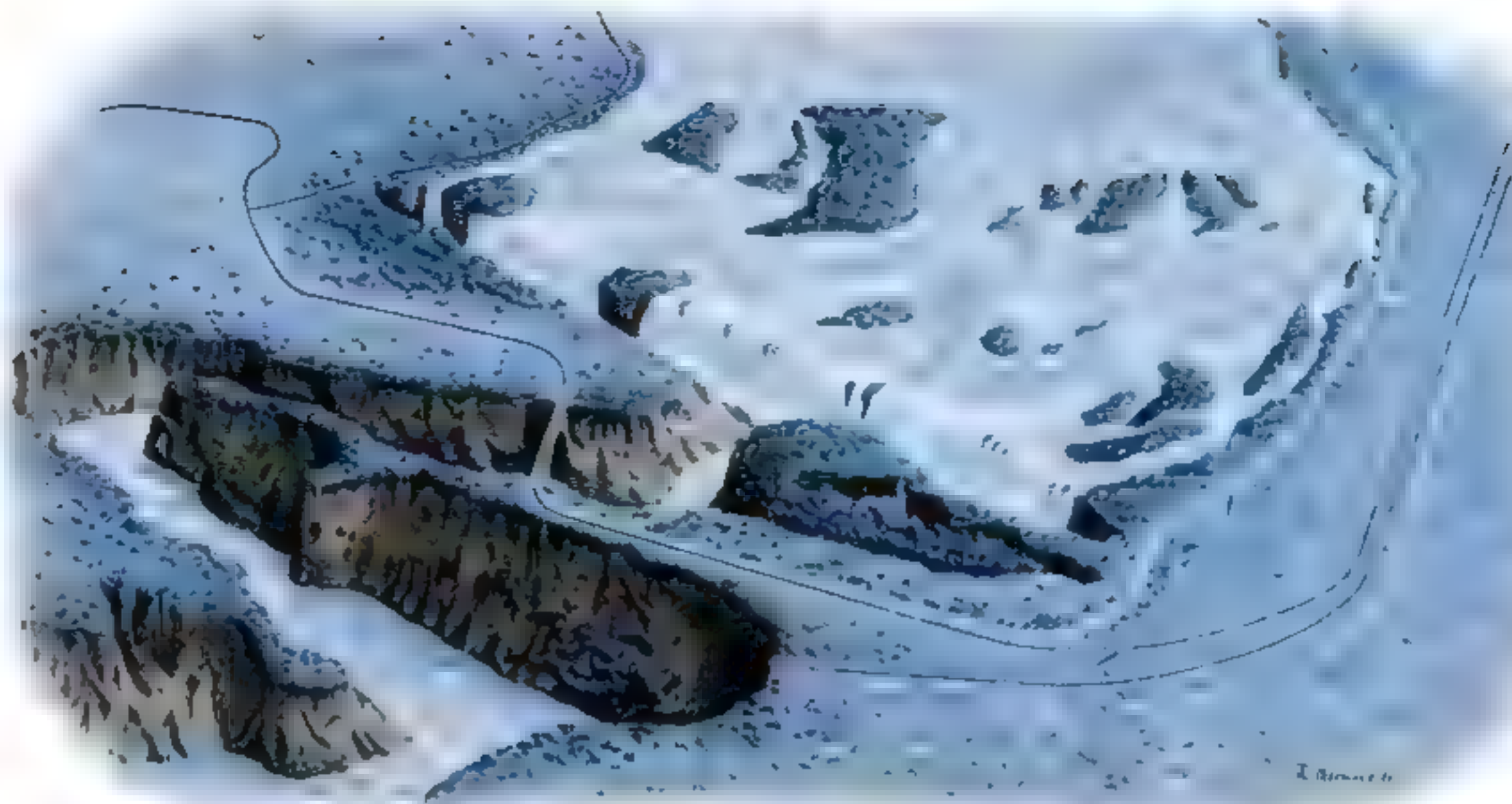
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Make this an old-time Christmas—there's no finer expression of the holiday spirit than famous Old Crow! So heighten your joy of giving (and serving) with this traditionally great whiskey—as fine today as a hundred Christmases ago, when first distilled by Col. James Crow on the same site where it is made today.



100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.





ZIGZAG TRENCH INTO WHICH WATER POURS IS SHOWN IN DRAWING. RAIL LINE AND ROAD CIRCLE FALLS. LIVINGSTONE ISLAND IS ABOVE BRIDGE

VICTORIA FALLS

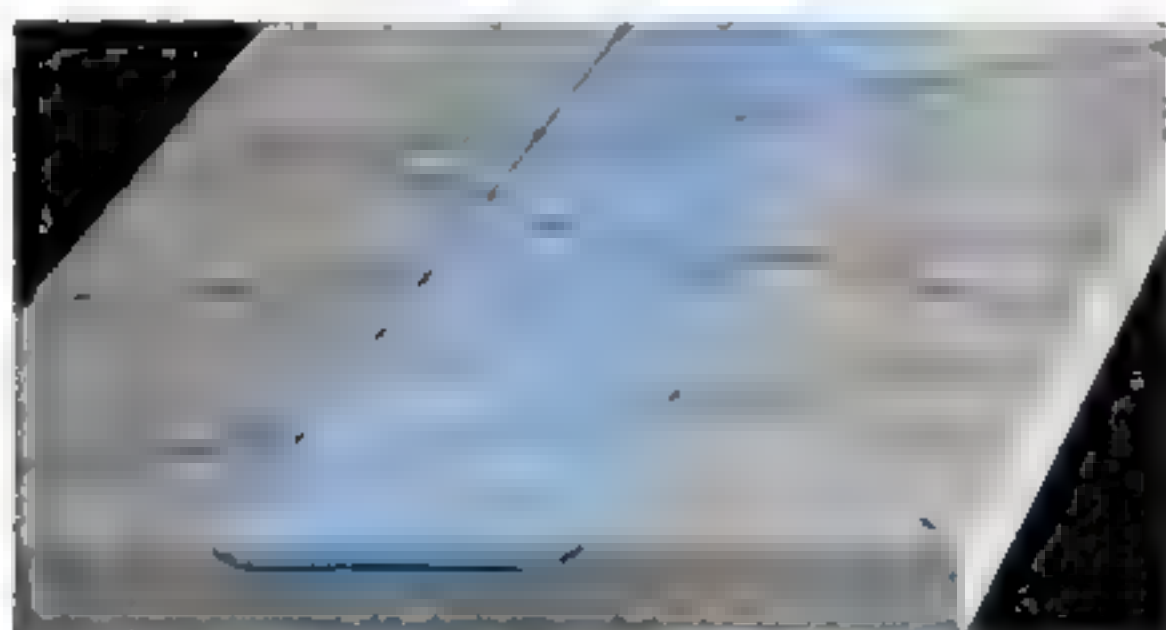
Bigger than Niagara, it has slashed a strange zigzag in the veld

In 1855 David Livingstone, the British missionary whose later vanishment resulted in the historic meeting with Stanley, was exploring the Zambezi River in southern Rhodesia. Paddling downstream, Livingstone heard a torrential roar and saw clouds of white mist boiling up. Landing on the island which now bears his name (*above*), he found it was part of the brink of a magnificent waterfall. He had discovered one of the world's three great cataracts and he named it after his queen.

Victoria Falls is higher than Niagara (347 against 167 feet) and wider (1,900 yards against 1,167), and it carries a greater volume of water than Argentina's massive but little-known Iguazu. But what makes it uniquely spectacular is its geological formation (*below*). The Zambezi River, at high water,

discharges a million gallons a second, not into a wide and adequate basin like Niagara's, but into a narrow mile-long trench in which they swirl and churn wildly, seeking the exit channel. Great clouds of spray, which keep surrounding foliage a verdant green (*left*), rise above this trench, creating almost continuous rainbows. Once out of the trough the waters race down a zigzag channel, splaying out finally into a wide river which empties into the Mozambique Channel, opposite the island of Madagascar.

One of the last of the world's great falls to be discovered, Victoria is also the most thunderous and, to many, the most beautiful. Already an African tourist attraction and near the center of an area which increasing numbers of Britons wish to visit or colonize, it has a bright commercial future.



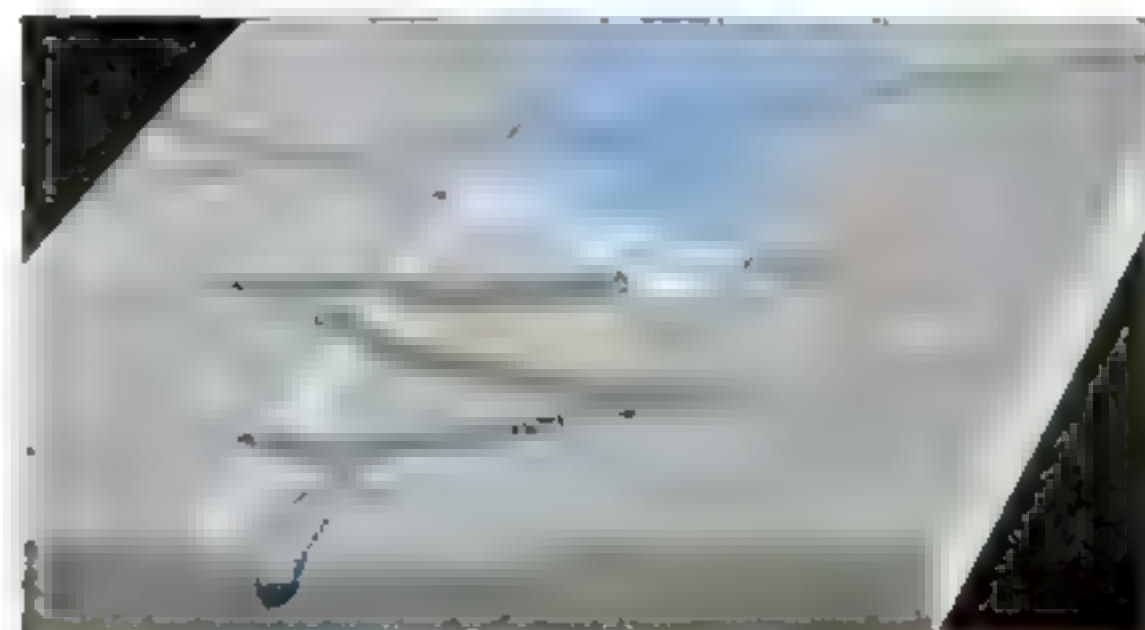
BIRTH OF FALLS began untold millions of years ago when the Zambezi River flowed over a tilted African tableland. Giant cracks filled with broken rock crosshatched the tableland and river bed.



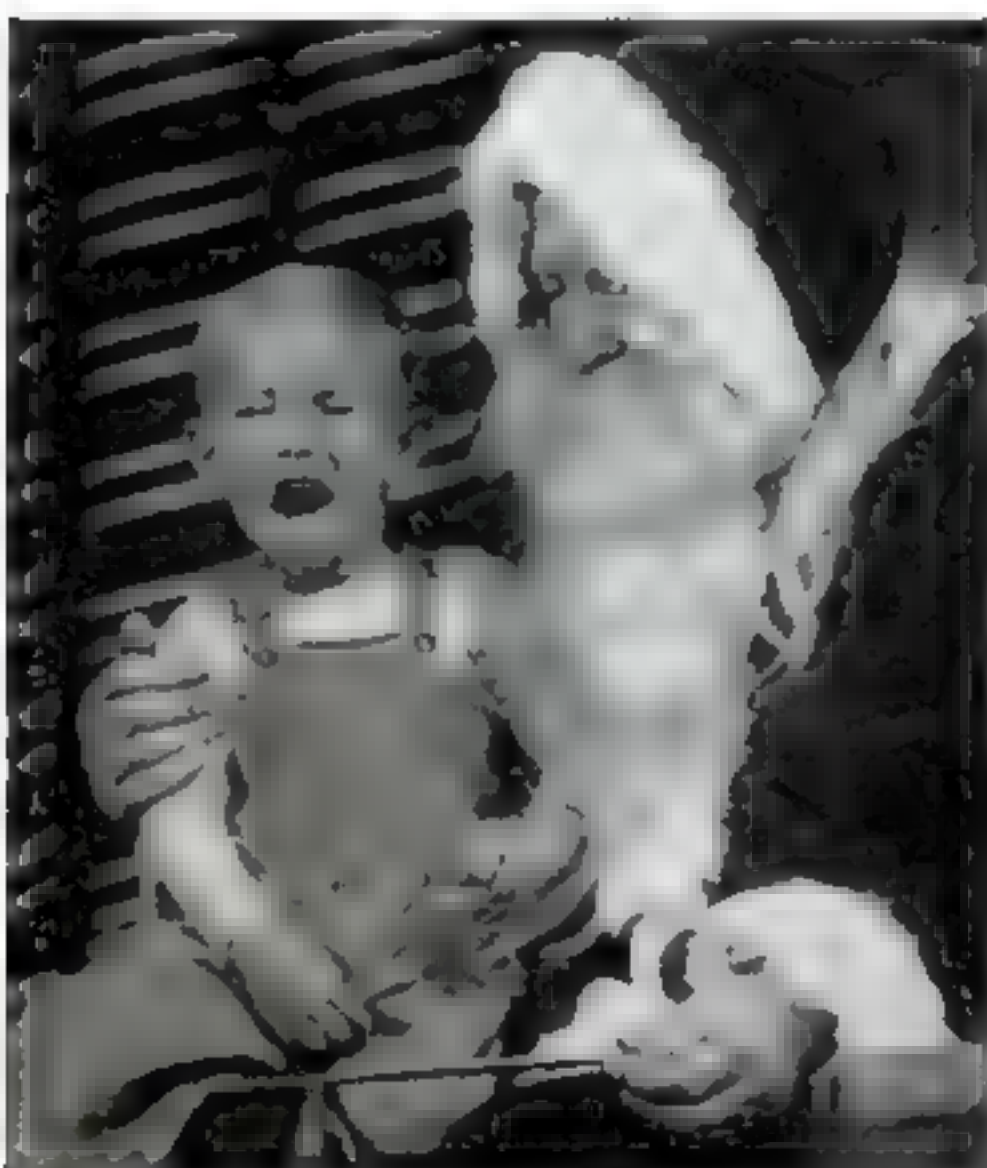
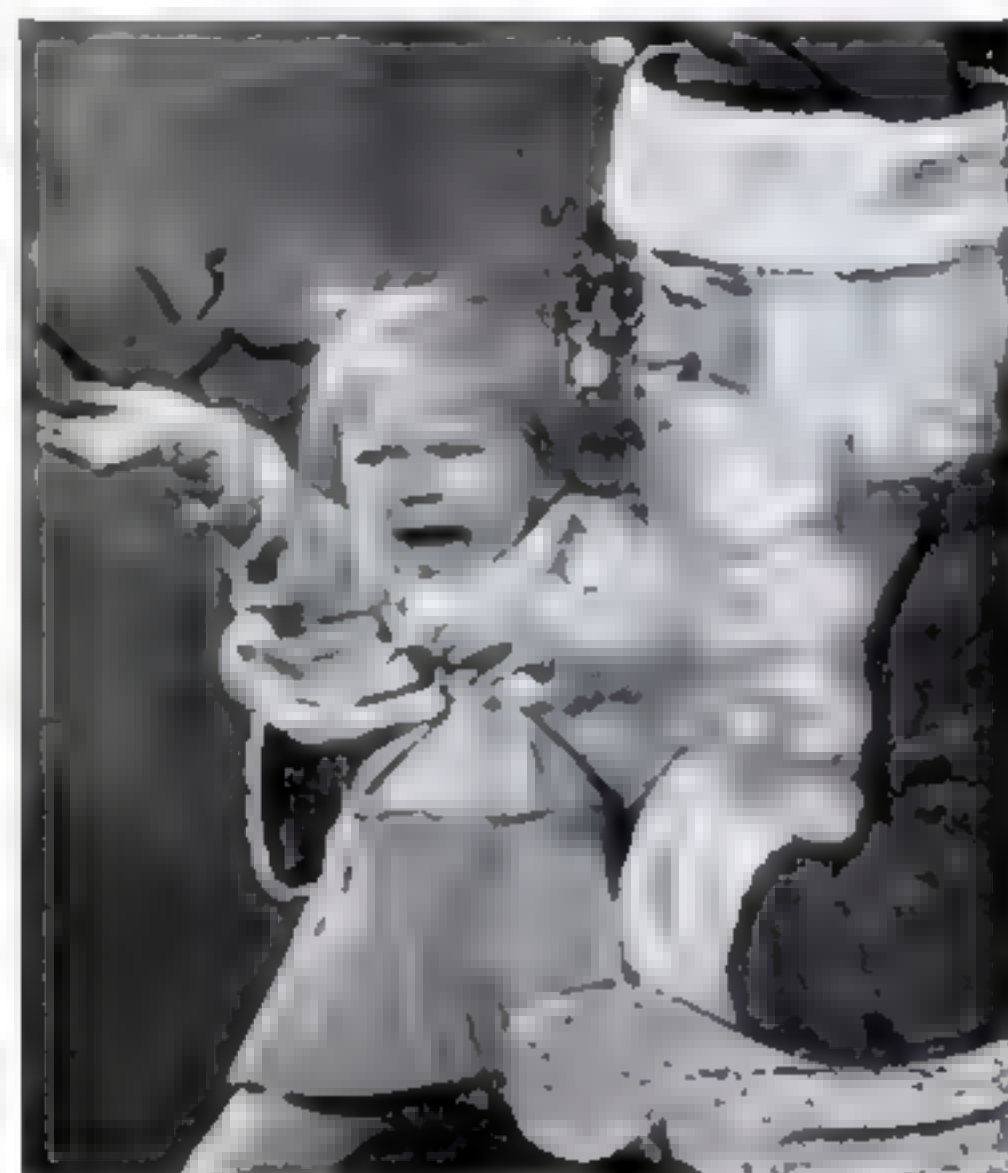
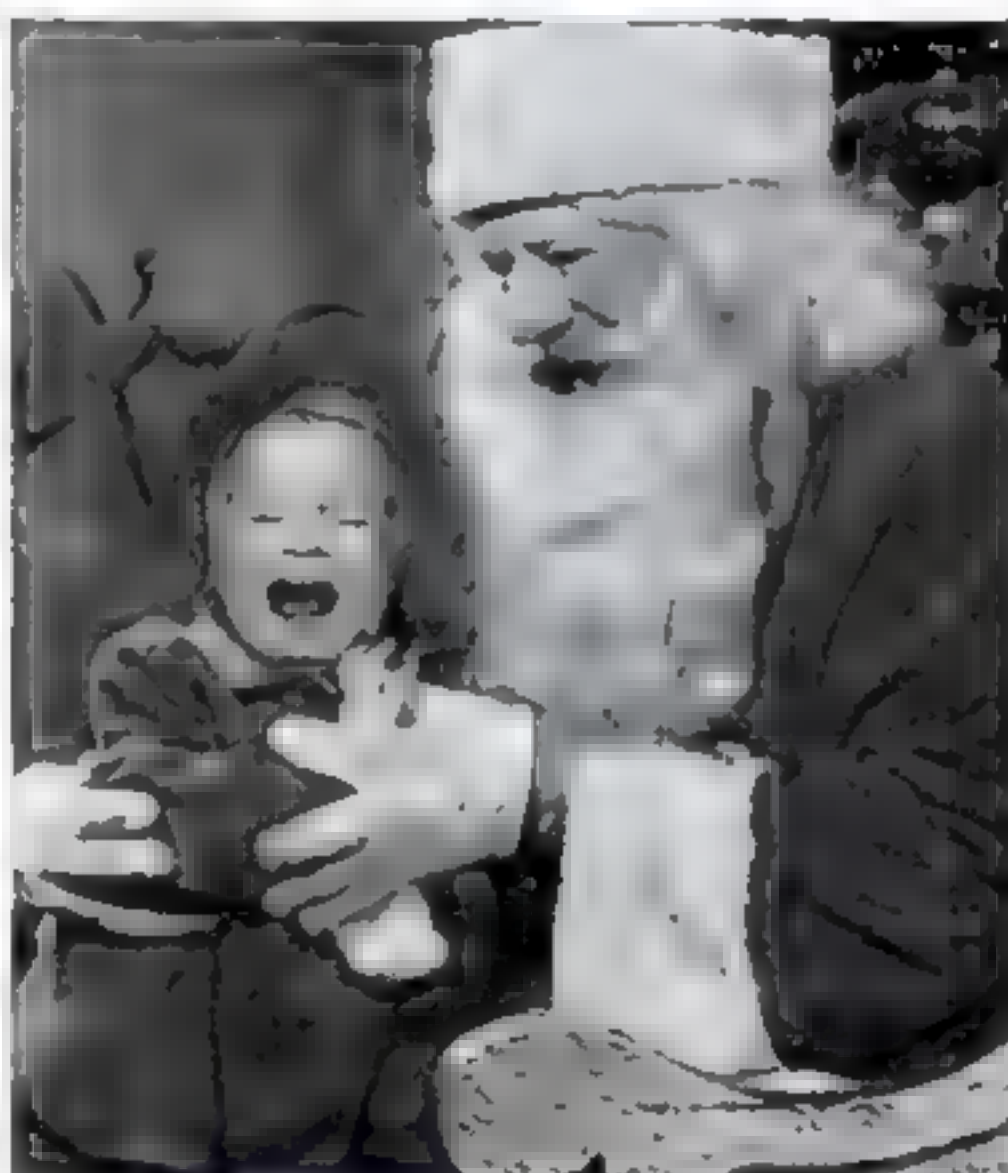
EATING INTO CRACK, river gradually carved out the crack's broken rock and created a trench across river bottom. Cross-section drawing shows this unceasing erosion process at early stage.



FALLS APPEARED when a deep and narrow channel which had previously formed in the river bed, worked its way upstream and intersected the cross trench. This accelerated erosion in the trench.



FALLS MOVE UPSTREAM as new cracks are gouged to canyon depth. Troughs of previous falls form series of zigzag gorges (which follow underlying crosshatching) in which river now runs.



IN DETROIT, PITTSBURGH, ST. LOUIS AND HOUSTON NONPLUSSED DEPARTMENT-STORE SANTAS VAINLY TRY TO STEM A FRENZIED FRESHET OF CHILDISH TEARS

SANTA, BAWWWW!

Some kids just can't stand him

Although the sight of a department-store Santa Claus fills most children with impatient pleasure, these photographs prove that the wiles of even the most accomplished Santas sometimes backfire. The nine wailing youngsters shown here simply found that the long wait, the noise, the other children and finally the sight of a stranger in a long

white beard were too much to bear. The pictures were made by a year-old Chicago photographic agency called the Santa-graf Corporation, which by the end of the season will have taken and sold to admiring parents almost a million prints of children talking with Santa in 25 U.S. department stores. At one dollar a copy, business is booming.



"I'm a lot closer to my grandchildren...
holiday time or any time—by Flagship!"

*"I used to keep up with my grandchildren by snapshot.
Now, thanks to Flagship travel, I see them often—
not just at holidays but all through the year.*

Believe me, one hug is worth a hundred pictures!"

● In every season, the time saved by Flagship travel enables many families to enjoy reunions that would otherwise be impossible. This is especially true in wintertime when those who are earthbound are snowbound. This Christmas, go home by Flagship. You will get there sooner and have more time to spend within the cherished family circle.



All year 'round, travel is better by air...

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Thrifty Men

buy

P.M.

OVER...

and

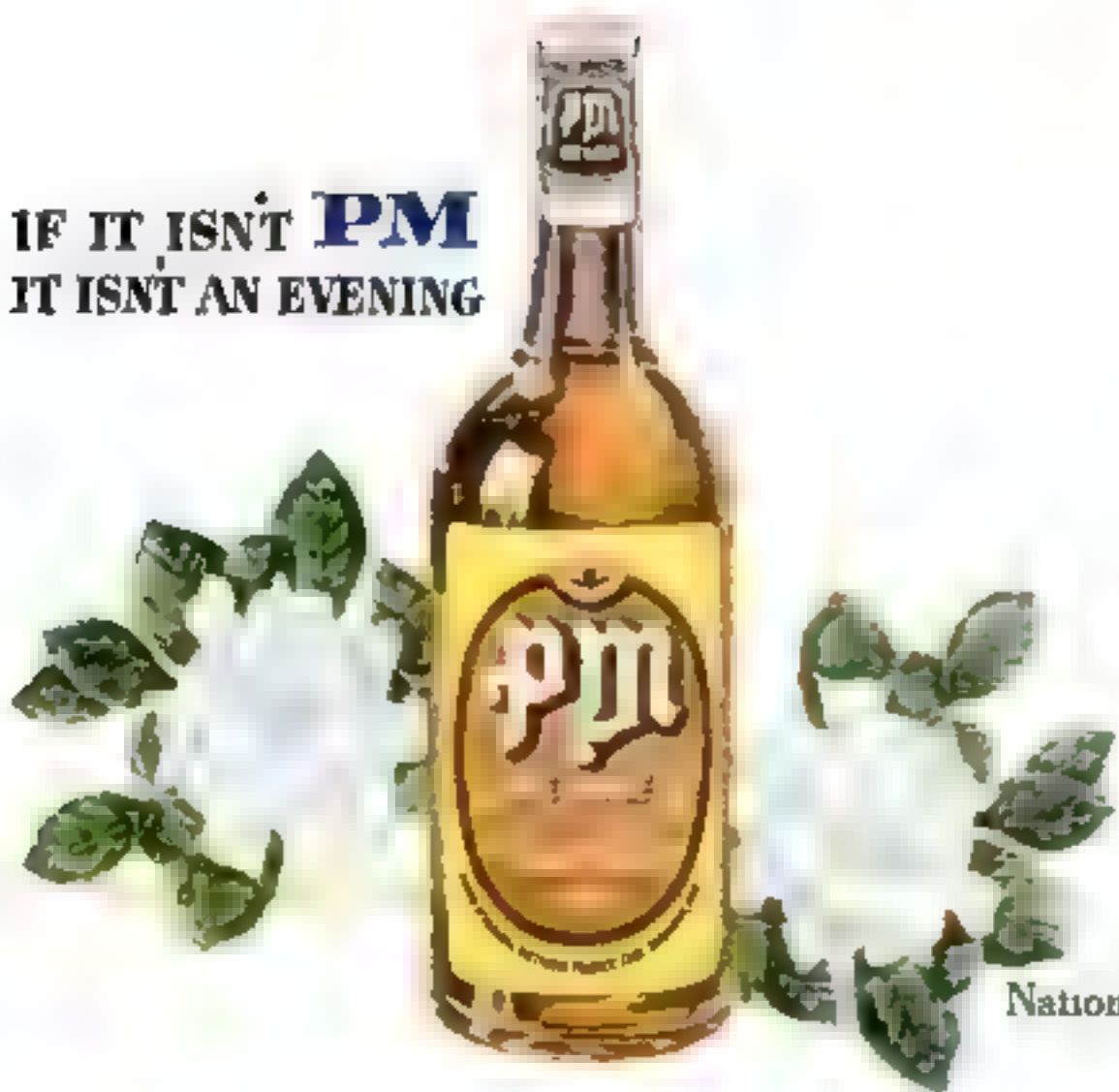
OVER...

and

OVER

again!

IF IT ISN'T **PM**
IT ISN'T AN EVENING



why?

1. They like the Taste!
2. They like the Price!

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y., N. Y. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.



IMATE VOICE OF FRANKIE LAINE, TWO CLEVELAND HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS SIGH ECSTATICALLY AT A RECORD-PLAYING MEETING OF A LAINE FAN CLUB

TEEN-AGERS

They are still changing their customs to suit themselves

Every year as soon as school begins boys and girls from 12 to 20 start scurrying around like squirrels after nuts, looking for new games to play, new clothes to wear and new songs to sing. Every year by Christmas they somehow manage to figure out a different twist for almost every ordinary thing, like hats and handshakes, dates and dances. At this critical point in the year LIFE takes a look around the country to answer the annual question about teen-agers: what are they up to now?

In Atlanta on Thursday the boys have nothing to do with the girls and the girls have nothing to do with the boys. In Des Moines Tuesday is a special day. On Tuesday the boys wear GI shoes to school. In Detroit the boys go in for crazy haircuts, and in Seattle some football players wear hair curlers at night. This year's fashionable word for a jerk, square or schmo is "geek" in Detroit, "mole" in Philadelphia, "pine" in Atlanta, "tweet" in Chicago, "snook" in Des Moines, "tube" in Los Angeles, and

"scurb" or "T.W.O." (Teensy Weensy Operator) in Washington, D.C.

Sometimes, when new gags fail to materialize, the teen-agers have to be content with exaggerating the fads that were left to them by their elders. Last year's school clothes, for example, were neat. This year they are even neater and less frilly, in spite of the strange horse-bandage look that results when girls wear their long skirts with high, thick, white socks. Last year they liked to dance languorously to slow music; this year, with the exception of some pace-setters in California who are reviving the Charleston and the black bottom, they move even more slowly, dragging themselves at a walk around the dance floor. Like the girls shown above, they are still swooning to mellow music, but this year they sigh and "oooh" at the pulsating tones of Frankie Laine or the heart-rending throbs of Mel Torme. Their old yearning for Frankie Sinatra has faded into nostalgia. "Poor Frankie," said a girl in Chicago. "He's old now and has three kids."



STRIPED STOCKINGS are worn by all the members of a girl's club at the Austin High School in Chicago. They are regulation football stockings which the girls have wheedled away from Austin players.

The girls think they are wonderful. But boys dislike them. They say the girls' legs look like barber poles.

The girls think they are wonderful. But boys dislike them. They say the girls' legs look like barber poles.

GAMES

Teen-agers complicate all the simplest things

A stocking or a greeting is a simple thing that adults deal with every day. But to teen-agers simplicity is a challenge; they have to find a way to make it complicated and turn it into a game. On meeting instead of just shaking hands, they go through the violent contortions of a "beer drinker's" or a "politician's" handshake (*opposite page*) or a more elaborate "garbage man's" handshake, which involves a lot of arm-waving and nose-punching. When a girl discovers a fancy stocking (*above*), all her friends immediately have to turn the school inside out to get some for themselves. They have even managed, through an elaborate parlor game called "Temptation" (*right*), to complicate a simple thing like kissing.

TEMPTATION GAME



IRRESISTIBLE LOOK he will try out in Temptation game is demonstrated by Bud Brown of Atlanta.



Object of game is to see how long he and Joan Hale can look in each other's eyes and resist urge to kiss.

BEER DRINKER'S HANDSHAKE



BOY GREET'S GIRL in the Detroit version of the beer drinker's handshake. First the two right hands



are clasped together with the thumbs sticking out to represent neck of the bottle. Then make-believe bot-



tle is poured into each of their left hands. Then they lock arms and each pretends to take a hearty drink.

POLITICIAN'S HANDSHAKE



BOY MEETS BOY with the wild politician's handshake peculiar to Des Moines. They start by greeting



each other with an enthusiastic shout and throwing their arms around each other. Then they proceed to



go through each other's pockets systematically, taking out the wallets and counting the money in them.



Having started out at opposite ends of sofa, they find themselves being drawn closer and closer together.



Finally they kiss, having resisted each other for five minutes. Some players have lasted up to 15 minutes.



Soulful look that pretty Joan Hale had on her face is what Bud Brown found himself unable to resist.



LOOKING OUT THE WINDOWS are four Atlanta girls, interrupted in midst of a spend-the-night

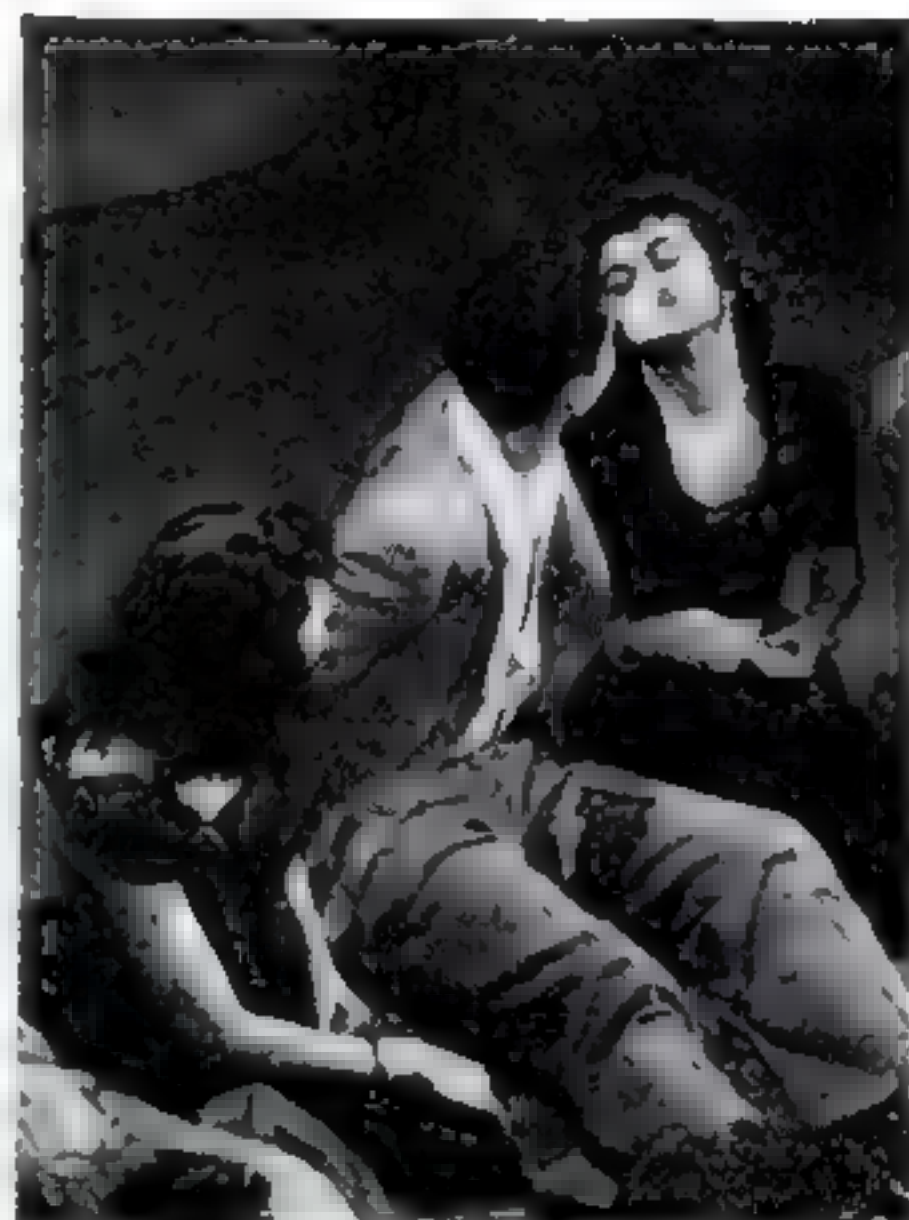
party. These parties are usually held after a dance or a hay ride and girls eat and talk most of the night.



AROUND THE WINDOWS are six boys who, following current practice, have shown up outside to

talk and eat food passed out to them. Girls pretend parties are secret but make sure word gets around.

TEEN-AGERS CONTINUED



SNIFF GAME, where Kleenex is passed by sniffing from nose to nose, is now popular in Oklahoma City.



TUESDAY'S SHOES are current phenomenon in Des Moines. Every Tuesday high-school boys wear



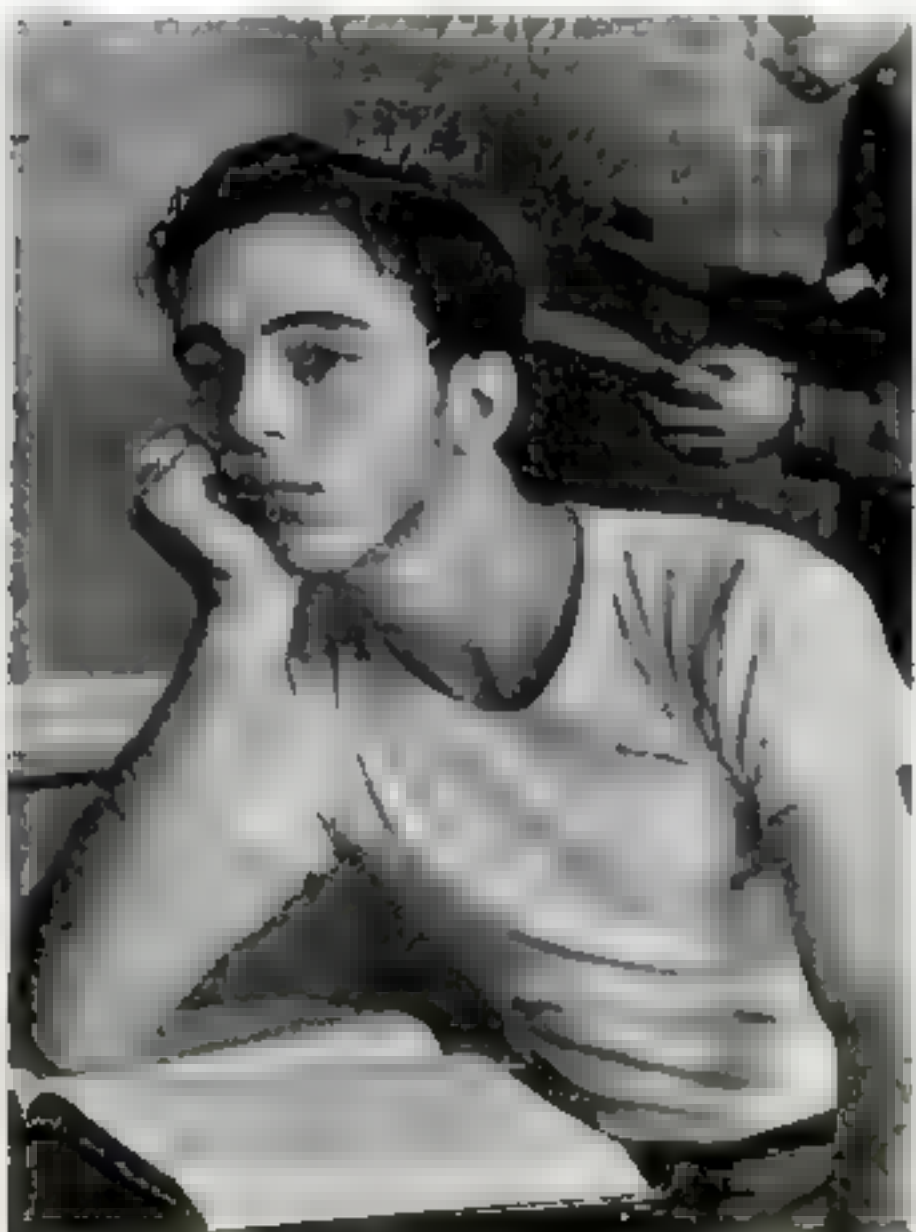
BOOGIE HAIRCUT is the fashion in Detroit. The hair is clipped short on top, worn very long on sides.



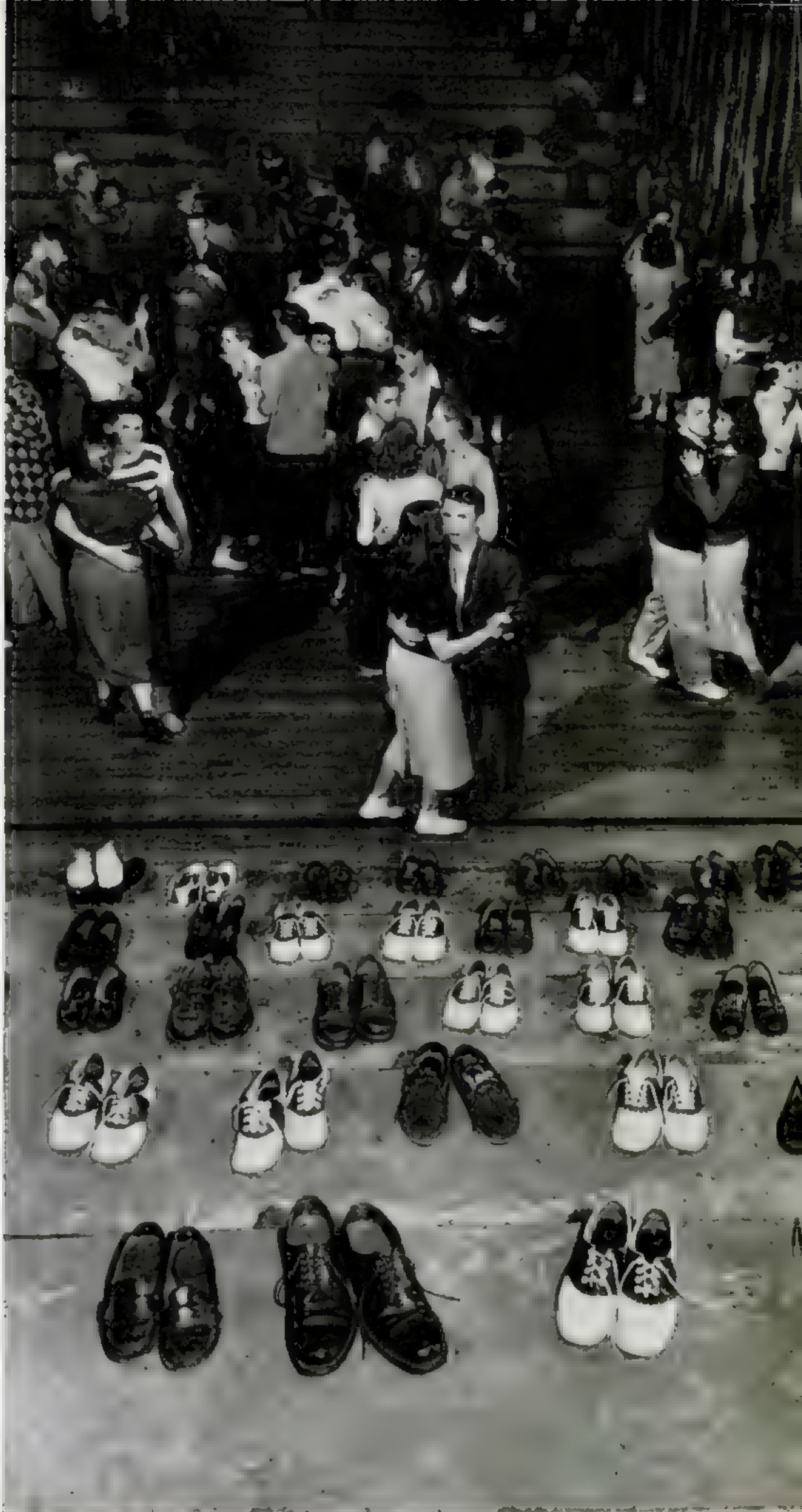
TRICK TALK is thought hilarious in Des Moines, where girls like to chat without looking at each other.



GI shoes, bought at surplus store or inherited from an older brother and called "my old lady's Army shoes"



BEARDS are hopefully started by a few Oklahoma City boys. Parents hate them, but the girls like them.



SOCK HOPS are current craze in Oklahoma City. Boys and girls at school gym dances check shoes out-

side to avoid marking gym floor. Dancing is fun, but someone always goes home wearing the wrong shoes.



POPULAR GUY

Earl Reum, a high-school student, is idol of Denver boys and girls

This year when anyone asks Denver girls, "What's your latest crisis?" they roll their eyes in pleasure, not in pain, and say "Ooooh, my crisis is Earl Reum." The person who earns this accolade, highest award a teenager can give, is the 17-year-old above, Earl Reum, a hero, an idol, a leader, a sort of local composite of Frankie Laine, Li'l Abner and Gregory Peck.

Earl, a senior at South High School, is at once an accomplished magician, an honor student, an Eagle Scout, he is also president of the student council, a member of the literary, dramatic and speaking societies, a participant in 18 other extracurricular activities and manager of the swimming team. This year, with student backing, the school's faculty gave him an additional honor. They awarded him a purple jacket and a purple cap and made him the official Coordinator of Pep.

When Earl presides at meetings of the student council he usually livens up dull business by reciting *Casey at the Bat* and *The Shooting of Dan McGrew* or pulling a baby bottle from his pocket and remarking, "My father was a corker, but now he's in the jug." In class he wears false rubber thumbs or puts on fake glasses, sometimes even amusing the teachers. After school, on the sidewalks or in the drugstore, there is a cluster of students asking for his newest tricks and jokes. So many students are imitating his manner of greeting—a quick flick of the open hand, a cheery "Hi-ya" and a wrinkle of the forehead—that it sometimes looks as though all Denver teen-agers are afflicted with some strange new nervous disorder.

TEEN-AGERS CONTINUED



CHARMING THE GIRLS in drugstore after school. Earl makes trick necktie stick out. On his left wrist is a tape measure with which he pretends to tell time.



AT STUDENT FORUM conducted by the school speaking society Earl (third from left) serves on panel which is discussing qualifications of "The Perfect Date."



AMUSING THE CLASS when teacher is out of room, Earl stops up ears with two of his hands as he mixes a fake chemical formula with his two other hands.



WRITING POETRY, Earl jots down inspiration in bus. His poems in the school paper are signed "Elbow Reum." After graduation he plans to study for priesthood.



THE REUM GREETING is flashed to a pair of girls on the sidewalk outside of school. All of school's teen-agers and even some of the teachers imitate his gesture.



AT FACULTY MEETING Earl meets with his principal (left) and teachers and, as student representative, discusses school's plan to care for three French orphans.



DOs AND DON'Ts

There is a time for crazy games, eccentric handshakes and funny clothes. But there are also times for proper, conventional behavior and most teen-agers, particularly girls, want desperately to do the correct thing. One of the most sensible guides to the teen-age proprieties is *Teen-Age Manual*, by Edith Heal, published this fall by Simon and Schuster. The girls shown

here are illustrating some standard teen-age situations set down in the book. They are described in the next paragraph, to give readers a chance to judge them right or wrong, then are judged in the last paragraph by the book.

In a restaurant scene at the upper left a girl at one of the tables, forced to accept an unwanted drink, is sneaking it into a potted palm. The girl



at the next table has ordered such an expensive steak that her escort must subsist on cheap hamburger. In the doorway a boy kisses a girl goodnight. Of the two girls who are dancing near her, one is showing off and kicking her shoe in the air and the other, though stuck with a bad dancer, is smiling gamely. Near them sits a wallflower—very much overdressed and made up to kill. In

front of her a would-be sophisticate is trying to impress her escort with an unfamiliar cigaret. In the left foreground three couples watch a movie—one couple noisily chewing popcorn, one of them slouching all over the aisle and the third holding hands. In the center of the picture a girl chats on the phone neglecting her date, and at right a boy and a girl are necking in an auto.

The book's verdict: Getting rid of drink is right, ordering steak, wrong; kissing goodnight right; wild dancing, wrong; being nice to bad dancer, right; too much make-up, wrong; learning to smoke in public, wrong; munching popcorn, wrong; slouching in movie, wrong; holding hands, right; ignoring date, wrong; necking in car, wrong—which goes for necking anywhere.



AMID FLAGS AND SPOTLIGHTS IN A GERMAN FOREST, THE RETURNING PRISONERS ARE BRIEFED BY A BURLY WOMAN COMMUNIST (LEFT) ON

Hans Comes Home

A German soldier returns to Berlin after surviving five long years of Soviet imprisonment, indoctrination, corruption and cold misery

by EMMET HUGHES

Chief of TIME-LIFE Berlin Bureau

HE idly fingered the scar, a perfectly neat X by his left eye, as if by stroking its lines he would stir a nerve of memory for the story he was to tell. Outside, Berlin's streets were dark; and here, as in most rooms in the blacked-out city, only a single candle glowed. It flickered between us on the rickety table, flaring close to his face and the precise little X seemed to glow red as if touched by the flame. The chill light, tiny and intimate, revealed every line of his face: the deep seams and sunken cheeks, the tight lips and strong chin, the slightly hooked nose with the grayish skin stretched taut across it and the high cheekbones, the eyes of solemn blue.

This was Hans Heinrich, just back from the Soviet Union. Hans Heinrich is not his real name, but that is of importance only to Hans, who must guard against Soviet vengeance. The vital statistics of his life are without distinction: born in Berlin 34 years ago, educated there at Catholic elementary schools, by trade a truck driver and chauffeur, drafted in 1937, mar-

ried in 1939, taken prisoner by the Soviets in 1943, returned to Berlin's ruins in 1948. None of this stamps him as unique; but precisely because so many shared his experiences, these have special meaning. He was one of the 11 million soldiers of the German army who almost succeeded in carrying the hooked cross to the Kremlin, one of the 3½ million who became prisoners of the Soviet Union and one of the countless thousands welded by their Soviet Union captors into a strange new army which Russia then turned around, faced westward and set to march in a new cause.

Heinrich's scar and his story date from the icy morning of Sept. 17, 1943 on the central Russian front. "When they called for volunteers," he recalls, "I knew it was a *Himmelfahrtskommando* (suicide assignment). But success meant not only promotion but eight weeks' home leave and the chance of getting a permanent assignment in Berlin, far from Russia. It was worth the risk." So Sergeant Heinrich and three others volunteered



THEIR FUTURE OBLIGATIONS TO RUSSIA. SAID HANS HEINRICH, "I COULD ... HAVE BELIEVED THIS WAS A NIGHT IN BERLIN 10 YEARS AGO"

to stay behind the retreating 282nd Division and blow up the ammunition dump in the faces of the advancing Russians. Boldly waiting until the Russians were almost upon them, the four nearly blew themselves up. Wounded and captured, they were marched on foot for a fortnight to their first new home: a prisoner of war camp just outside Kharkov. Today Heinrich philosophizes, "It's curious that this whole last decade of my life is so nicely divided in two by the one important voluntary action I took in the whole time. First the years in the Nazi army; then the years in the Soviet prison. Only that one day of free choice between them."

His first six months as a prisoner Heinrich spent between the Kharkov prison camp and the hospital. The prison was a former Russian war academy shattered by bombs and shells: no windows, no doors, no stoves, no beds, no mattresses and a vast population of lice. The German population fluctuated between 1,000 and 4,000, but the turnover was swift: once the death rate hit an average of 300 daily for a spell, but about 100 was normal. The prisoners were formed into labor battalions to make their own quarters livable, but epidemics swept their ranks. Dysentery, typhus and pneumonia followed one upon another in deadly waves. Heinrich caught all three. "The doctors and nurses were good people, kind and hard-working: the woman doctor herself gave her blood when I needed transfusions. But they had nothing to fight diseases with—no medicines, no dressings, little antiseptics. . . . But the food in the sick camp was at least tolerable. A lot of it was American—cubes for soya bean soup and a soup with meat that came in cans I'll always remember because the label seemed so foreign: 'Oscar

Mayer, Chicago.' " Finally April of the new year brought health—or enough of it to be classified "Category I: Fit for Work" and to be shipped to a new prison.

Camp No. 362-9 was a former grain mill in the shattered city of Stalin-grad. It had six floors, two water taps, and 1,400 prisoners jammed into the three top floors. The lower floors were occupied by a state construction company—designated as UWSR 307—which was charged with managing the prisoners.

The 1,400 were a hybrid crew—Germans, Austrians, Poles, Romanians and Hungarians. These wretched survivors of the torn Axis armies divided their labor in curious fashion. The Austrians were in charge of the kitchen, the Romanians of the bathrooms and general disinfection, the Hungarians did the washing—while the Poles and Germans went out in their work battalions on construction jobs managed by UWSR 307. Hatred, humiliation and hunger conspired to turn these national groups into hysterical foes of one another (much to the mirth of the Russians). "Anything was enough to start a furious row," Heinrich recalls. "The Austrians

were wild because the Russians listed them officially as Germans; that was finally changed. The most anti-German were the Hungarians, whose camp leader had one battle cry, 'Let us spit into every German face we see.' Oddly enough almost all the Hungarians were German-speaking and of German descent. But the worst fight with them came not from their name-calling, but when they stole all our metal bedsteads while we were at work one day. We had made them ourselves from whatever materials we could collect—naturally they were much better than the usual wooden planks.



HEINRICH (RIGHT) TELLS HUGHES HIS STORY

PRISONER CONTINUED

But when we appealed to the camp commander, Major Nesterenko, he gave us a touch of Russian wisdom by saying, 'Let the Hungarians keep them. They are too stupid and lazy to make them themselves, and I'm sure you Germans will find enough to steal to make new ones shortly.' It took us four days." Only the Romanians got along well with the Germans. They were, as Heinrich remembers them, "a fancy crowd of gypsies who stole everything they could and had wonderful skill in putting the blame on others—but they did it so charmingly it was hard to be angry with them."

Into this wild arena there now strode, with the solemn sounding of Soviet trumpets, the Moscow-sponsored National Committee for Free Germany. One of the major Communist projects for the postwar world was under way: converting Germany into a Communist bulwark against the West. Among the prisoners the tools of Red education were simple but, in these circumstances, efficacious. A library of some 250 political books was opened; regular copies of *Freies Deutschland* were distributed; lectures were given on the Russian constitution, capitalism and imperialism. More enticing to the prisoners was the fact that those who joined the committee were allowed to eat the scraps of food left over in the communal kitchen. So 80% joined—including ex-Sergeant Heinrich.

To mold this great mass in all the prison camps, many German Communist leaders were on hand in Russia. There were Wilhelm Pieck and Walter Ulbricht, who regularly appeared in their Zis limousines for their lectures at the advanced "antifascist" training centers; and for military prestige the Soviets could summon Nazi generals like Seydlitz, von Lenski, Lattmann and Müller. But apparently Camp 362-9 in Stalingrad was not promising enough ground to attract personal visits of such dignitaries. The best it could get was Theo Lotz, a second-rate Communist leader from Hamburg: short, fat, bespectacled and despised by all other prisoners for his sly currying of Soviet favor. A drifter and adventurer all his life, a veteran of the French Foreign Legion, Lotz's proselytizing made up in brutality what it lacked in persuasiveness. If anyone murmured dissent during a lecture of his on the beauties of sovietism, "the little Goebbels" (as the prisoners called him) would punish him by ordering him to spend one or two nights in the "guardhouse." This was simply a hole dug into the earth just big enough for a man to stand in with a locked wooden door over his head.

The Soviet gospel, for all its enticements and sanctions, won but few real converts. Of those who "signed up," Heinrich drily observes, "We were not politically conscious. We were only belly conscious." He recalls his own role in the work of conversion:

"I was given some night work. Even the sick were not to escape the sermons, so I was assigned the job of going through the hospital room every evening to sit at the bedsides and read Communist pamphlets to the men. Some of them were so blind with fever they didn't even know what language I was talking, so I knew I wasn't bothering them. The others quickly fell asleep as I read. I never disturbed them but kept on reading in a quiet voice to their expressionless faces. Night after night this routine went on, so that automatically today when I think of Communism I think of blind faces and the unpleasant smells of a hospital."

But there was, for all the prisoners, more serious night work than this: a very special kind of black-marketing. It involved a bewildering variety of objects: cement, bricks, lime, lumber, engines, boilers. In the dark of their rooms the prisoners would negotiate quietly. Heinrich would turn and ask his bed neighbor, What did you see today on your job? The answer would be one of the precious building materials. Next day, on his construction job, Heinrich would take his Russian foreman aside and explain. On such-and-such a project where a fellow prisoner is working, the foreman will let you have some extra bricks for so many rubles. With the prisoners as agents, the deal would be carried through after more nights of whispered exchanges of messages on the top floor of the battered grain mill. Then the loot would be split, the Russian foreman who had sold the material keeping half the proceeds. The balance went to the German prisoners who kept the spirit of free enterprise alive in the Soviet Union.

The prisoners soon learned, moreover, that venality was not the plainest trait of their captors: it was credulity. The "precious jewel" trade showed them this. Out of every labor battalion of some 60 men, a few became particularly adroit with their hands and acquired a new craft: making

rings for MVD fingers. First you needed a little bronze or brass picked from some ruins, shined a little to a "slightly used" tone. All your stones, however, had to be rubies. For there was only one source: the red taillights of the Lend-Lease Studebaker trucks that raced everywhere through Stalingrad. Smooth chips from the taillights and the shined brass needed only one last touch: the numerals 585 or 333 (German measurements for gold weight) scratched neatly into the rings. For three years the ruby and gold rings were the finest fashion for Soviet officials in Stalingrad.

Most of this strange traffic of the prisoners sooner or later came to the knowledge of their Russian guards, but their concern was not to stop it but to share it. Ex-Sergeant Heinrich recalls: "The poor devils were no better off than we were. They got about 30 rubles a month, and even a third of this they never saw because it was deducted for some compulsory political or 'cultural' activity. Often enough they gratefully accepted pieces of bread we 'lent' them. But the bolder ones used us in a business of their own. On days we didn't have to work they would secretly 'rent' some of us to Russian civilians who needed help in their shops. After all, who would miss a couple of prisoners for a day? And the 'rent' would mean a package of cigarettes . . . well, a few anyway."

As the prisoners were more and more exposed to the raw facts of Soviet life, they developed their own kind of dry, arrogant humor about it. About the time that Stalin and Roosevelt were meeting at Yalta, the prisoners joked about an imaginary conversation between the two great

men on the subject of life in their respective countries. It went like this:

STALIN: How much does an average worker get in America?

ROOSEVELT: Perhaps \$350 a month.

STALIN: How much does he need for rent and food and clothing?

ROOSEVELT: Roughly \$200.

STALIN: What is he doing with the remaining \$150?

ROOSEVELT: That is no business of mine—he can do whatever he likes.

The conversation turns:

ROOSEVELT: Now tell me, what does an average worker earn in your country?

STALIN: Some 800 rubles a month.

ROOSEVELT: How much must be spent for necessities?

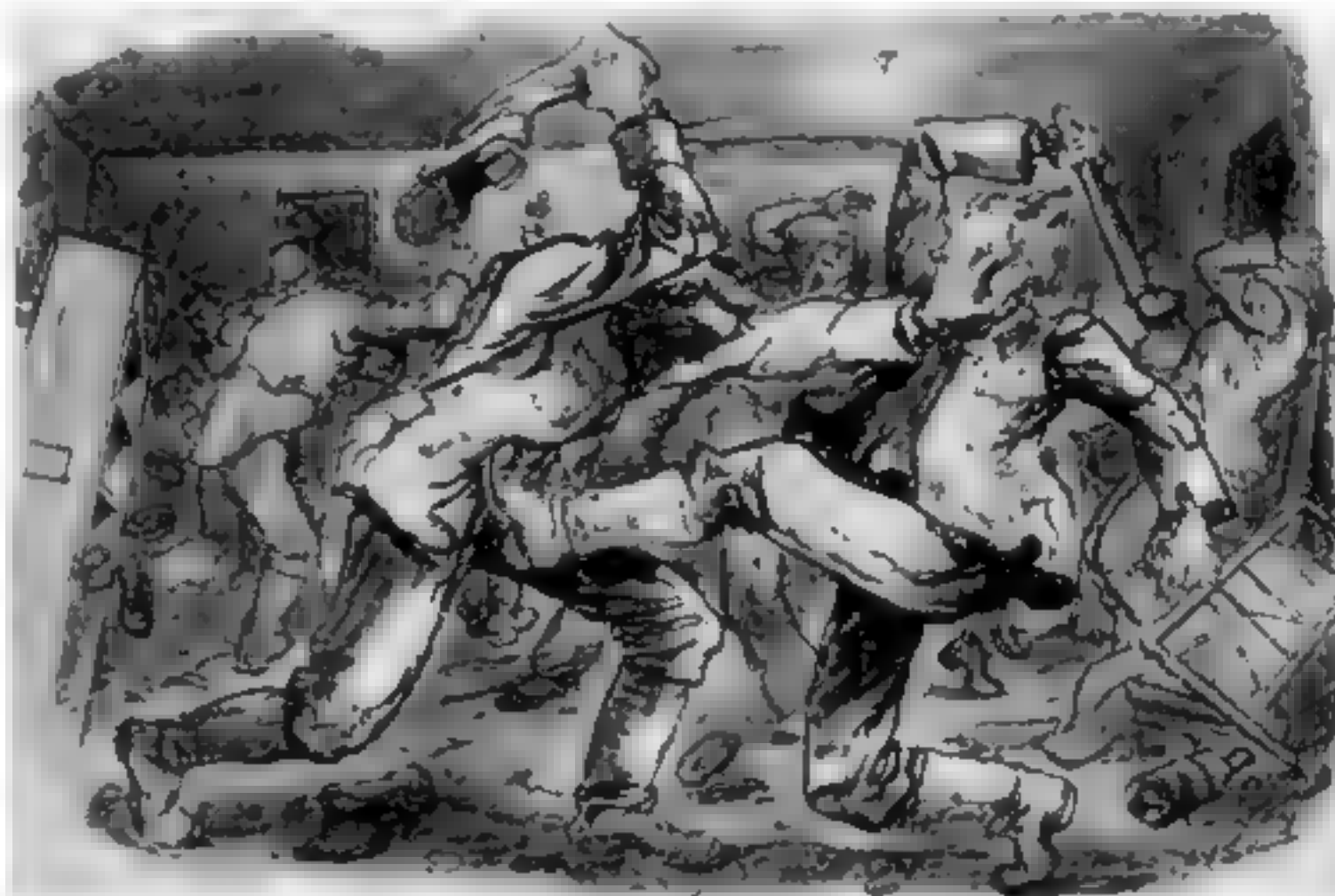
STALIN: About 1,000 rubles.

ROOSEVELT: But then he needs 200 rubles a month more. What is he doing about that?

STALIN: That is no business of mine—he can do whatever he likes.

The prisoners saw much to stir this bitter humor. Heinrich recalls with particular vividness a Russian woman he came to know in the brickyard where the men were working. "There were 800 of us working there under Russian civilians—and this one woman. She was doing the heaviest work there was, swinging her 25-pound hammer into the clumps of brick with incredible will and force. She was sick and drawn, her feet had terrible sores; her hands were like chewed-up leather. Her husband had been killed in the war, but she had seen no sign of any kind of pension to help her though she had two children. Working 48 hours a week, she earned 250 rubles monthly. One day when I helped her carry some firewood home, I saw her 'house.' It was really a hole dug into the earth about 6 feet deep and about 12 feet square; the floor was simply of stones pressed into the bottom of the hole. The walls—of stones and clay—rose only about 3 feet above the ground. The windows were just openings filled with lines of glass jars stuck together with clay. . . . She was bitter and, as we got to know each other, outspoken. 'Look!' she would say, 'If I spend all I earn in one month on food alone, we could have two and a half kilos of bread a day for the three of us!' Like thousands of workers in Stalingrad, she was from the Ukraine and had been forcibly recruited for labor here. All these forced laborers were tightly controlled. They were never issued passes: they could not leave town, they could not even go to one of the nearby steppe villages. They were as much prisoners in Stalingrad as we were."

Conspicuous among these Russian prisoners of the city were the *shtukatour* girls (stucco workers) who were managed by the same construction firm as handled the Germans. There were a score of them in a big room which formed a separate wing of the sixth floor of the grain mill. For all but the prisoners this room quickly became the local brothel: nightly the guards, officers and civilians jammed the room to capacity



FIGHTS BETWEEN PRISONERS of different nationalities were frequent. Here Germans and Hungarians engage in wild melees after Hungarians stole all Germans' bedsteads.



The jolly Red Cap is a constant reminder for all to enjoy Carling's.

Isn't holiday time the right time?

A lot of people have been promising themselves the enjoyment of Carling's.
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Can you think of a more friendly or fitting holiday invitation than this:
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PENALTY FOR DISSENT from Soviet propaganda line was 24 to 48 hours in the "guardhouse," a hole (above) in which the prisoner was forced to stand.

PRISONER CONTINUED

for orgies that became so regular that the prisoners tired of watching from their windows opposite. "What could one expect?" Heinrich wonders. "They were mere conscript labor from the Ukraine and other parts of Russia. They were young—all in their late teens or early 20s—and they hated the ruins of Stalingrad and the rotten food and miserable wages. Naturally after their nights they were no good on the job. But nobody bothered them if they just appeared and loafed. Only two of them were ever sent to prison for refusing to go to work."

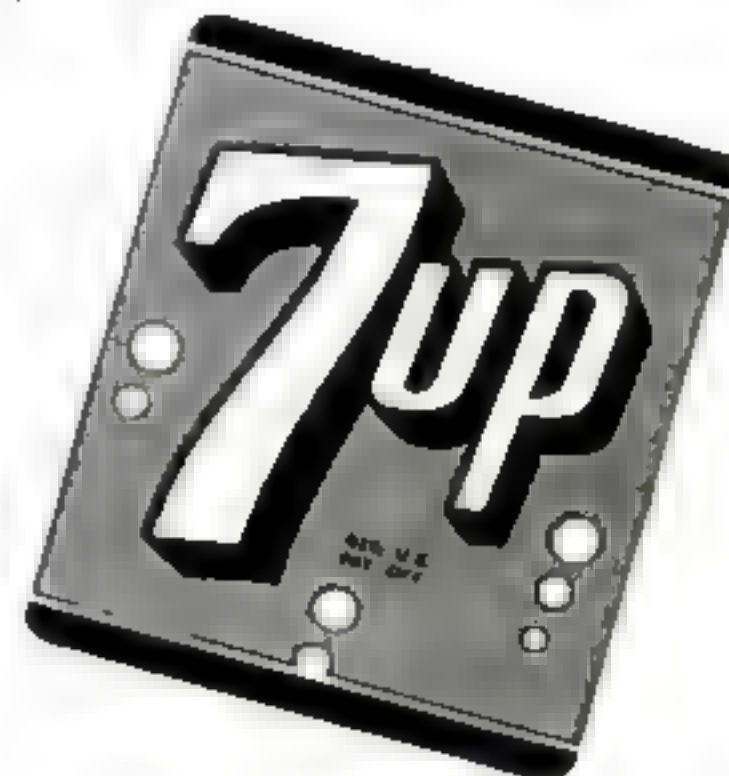
Then there was the *rekordist*—as the Soviets named with honor the record-breaking workers in the factories. This one whom Heinrich came to know well was a lathe operator, an earnest, hard-working man in his late 40s, who had been making and breaking records in the same factory for six years. The little red flag in the shop that moved each month to honor the month's *rekordist* was never taken from his bench for long. Yet Heinrich learned, to his surprise, that the man hated his work and the system that ruled it. "I asked him," Heinrich relates, "why he worked so hard. He explained he had to; as a normal worker earning 350 rubles, he couldn't support his family, and by making 'records' he could get more than 1,000 rubles. But he also told me that worst of all was the atmosphere that suffocated everyone in the factory. Everyone fears or hates the worker who surpasses a quota, for that means the quota will be raised eventually and everyone must strain even harder just for normal pay. So many workers try to slow down the better ones any way they can. Everyone at his machine is literally afraid of the machine next to his. You see, it is a case of *einer ist dem andern sein Teufel*—each man is the other's devil."

For all Stalingrad's people there was one regular meeting ground—the *bazar*, the daily open-air market. Here Heinrich and other PWs went "on business" and to see the *shutkatour* girls working overtime; to chat with their black-market friends and to listen to the wry complaints of the busy but frustrated *rekordist*. Here thronged the peasants from the steppes with their brooms of millet leaves (20 rubles each) and their bast bags (twice as much). Here swarmed the beggars—mostly old men—pleading for cigarettes. Everywhere sounded their subdued but insistent "*Davai, davai*" (Give, give). (This is the word that would soon become familiar to millions of people in Berlin, with every Russian soldier asking for a watch or a woman.) Here in the *bazar* one could buy and sell almost anything—pins and boxes, pieces of string and rusty nails, chairs and broken telephones. But the PWs were here mostly on business of their own: the eager middleman, the invading enemies of Russia who had so recently killed and bombed and blown ammunition dumps, and who now were slyly used by their captors to make this workers' paradise more bearable. The Russian guards who had stolen goods to sell dared not appear here, so they must share their gain with their prisoners. . . . Four electric light bulbs? The guard wants five rubles each for them. Heinrich sells them for 10 each. Wealth is redistributed.

On May 9, 1945 the prisoners were roused at 6 a.m.—an hour earlier than usual. Ten minutes later they were lined up outside

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*Not just a kid drink
...not only an adult drink!*



—the all-family drink!

All members of your family can "fresh up" with 7-Up as often as they want with as much as they want . . . so pure, so good, so wholesome for everyone!

BUY A CASE TODAY!

You like it...



it likes you!

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SWANSON



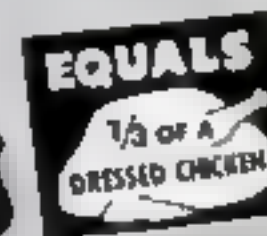
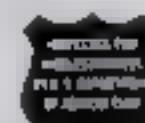
NO BONES ABOUT IT

It's all meat—tender, juicy, flavorful. The meat is placed uncooked in the container, and then pressure-cooked to seal in that flavor. That's why you'll enjoy Swanson's Boned Turkey or Boned Chicken for casseroles, pot pies, sandwiches, salads. Each 6 oz. can equals approximately a pound of "dressed" turkey, or a pound and a half of "dressed" chicken.

WONDERFULLY DELICIOUS FRICASSEE

Tender and juicy parts of chicken, cooked home-style in their own juices—swimming in real butter gravy. Ready to heat and serve. Not ordinary chicken, but Nebraska and Iowa chicken with that real country flavor. Three cans have approximately the meat of a whole chicken—but save you the bother. You'll enjoy serving this with steamed rice, hot biscuits, noodles, or other favorite dishes. Take home a supply.

All Swanson Poultry is
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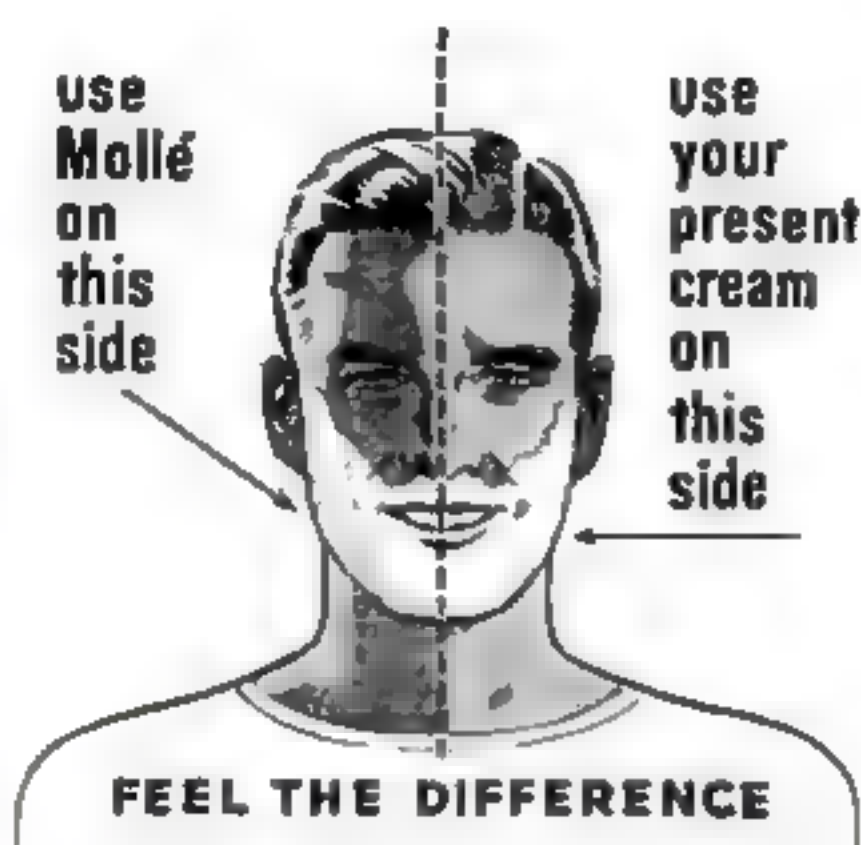
C. A. SWANSON & SONS, OMAHA
For the Holidays... Look for, ask for, Swanson's eviscerated fresh frozen, ready-to-cook turkey or chicken.

CHICKEN★TURKEY

"WEEK-END TEST" proves: Cleaner shaves...quicker!

Don't just guess what gives you the best shave—make this Mollé "Week-end Test."

1. Let your beard grow during the week end.
2. Monday morning, when your whiskers are at their longest and toughest, put your present cream on half your face.
3. Put Mollé, the heavier brushless cream, on the other half of your face. Spread it thin!
4. Go over your face JUST ONCE with your razor... and feel the difference.



Double your money back...



...if Mollé does not give you the best shave you ever had in your life. Get a tube today.

If this test does not convince you, just mail us back the Mollé tube. Address, Box 49, New York 8, N. Y.

THE HEAVIER BRUSHLESS CREAM

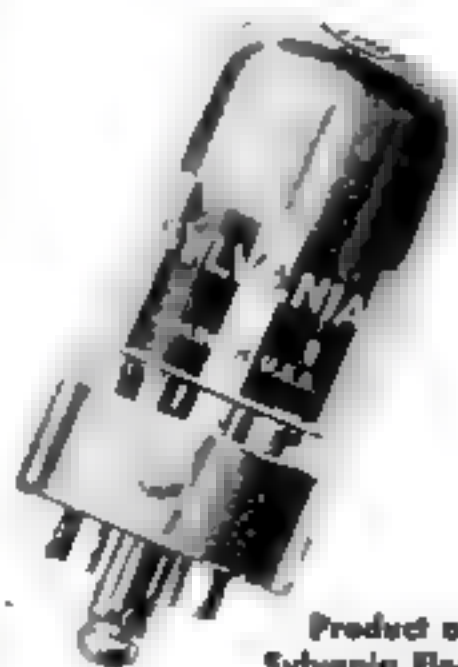


"It jangles when it should jingle!"

If silvery Christmas bells sound a bit tinny on your radio, you ought to call the serviceman who displays the Sylvania emblem. Of course, he may not "come upon a midnight clear" but he's at your service all day long. And he's a Santa to troubled radios, makes those old ones sound like new. Let him examine your set with his Sylvania testing equipment and replace weak tubes with high-quality Sylvania radio tubes. You're in for a happy new year of listening pleasure, if you do. Yes, you get good work at fair prices at the sign of dependable service.



SIGN OF
DEPENDABLE
RADIO SERVICE



Product of
Sylvania Electric
Products Inc.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

PRISONER CONTINUED

for a special ceremony. Heinrich's memory of the great day of the coming of peace is strangely clouded: "The camp commander, Major Nesterenko (a really decent, upright officer) appeared in his slickest uniform to give us a talk. He told us that the Fascist armies had finally met the fate they deserved. He delivered a very long, serious speech which few of us followed at all. After the first few sentences we knew that what he was saying with all his heavy oratory was that the war was over. That was all that mattered. We were counting—June, July, August. Three months, they had told us, three months after the fighting stopped we would go home. Each of us at once started to think how our part of Germany would look when we saw it in August. Three months. . . . Later it became three months after the Potsdam Conference. Then three months after the peace treaty. Few of us thought of three years. We wouldn't have believed we could live through them."

In the strange world in which they lived and died, the minds of the men came confusedly to link intangibles and abstractions with concrete substances or sudden sensations—as Heinrich, for example, still thinks of Communist doctrine and hospital smells. So the

coming of peace, in Heinrich's memory, meant the sweet, near-forgotten sound of accordions.

After the fighting ended the prisoners were paid a small sum of rubles each month. At Heinrich's suggestion they pooled some of their pay to buy musical instruments for a camp band. The business of purchasing these was like all the business Heinrich saw transacted in Stalin-grad: "Two of us went to the bazar accompanied by the Russian Politbureau officer himself. We couldn't understand at first why he bothered to come personally on such an errand. This day we had 10,000 rubles to buy an accordion. We finally got a



BLACK MARKET brought barter between prisoners and Red guards.

fair one (like all the instruments we saw, it was from Germany) for only 8,000. Then we quickly learned why the Politbureau officer was with us. 'You can thank me for getting it so cheap,' he said. 'Here, you can have 500 rubles and a pack of cigars for yourselves. I'll keep the rest, and you keep your mouths shut.'

So a band was born—officially, of course, under the benign auspices of the National Committee for Free Germany. Every Wednesday and Saturday night (barring the appearance of the camp MVD officer, who disliked German prisoners and their music equally) the old grain mill echoed to the sound of noisy waltzes, and the sixth floor shook under the pounding feet of the prisoners dancing together. On all these festive occasions naturally the Communist party hymn and *Fatherland* were sung in both German and Russian—but not the *Internationale*: in these days it was still discreetly banned.

But music softened the days only a little, and the months ahead stretched dreary and without promise. Only the gravely ill were lucky and slowly were shipped back to Germany. Watching and envying, the others tried to destroy their own strength. They sold or gave away most of their food, ate quantities of salt to become *avitaminos* (deficient in vitamins) and be declared of no further use.

All the while, Communist "education" of the prisoners continued without respite: the dreary lectures, the ponderous pamphlets on Leninism, the newsreels with Russians dressed in German uniforms so comic in their unreality that even Lotz squirmed in discomfort. Then the interrogations began—the MVD quizzes to check on the prisoners' progress in their "studies." MVD Lieutenant Markin conducted these sessions in a plain room in the mill, bare but for a small table and three chairs: one for Markin, for the prisoner and for the interpreter. Examinations followed a righteous, imperturbable ritual: stock questions, stock answers, stock nods of assent. Heinrich remembers the hollow voices in the bare room droning on like this:

"Who were the big German capitalists?"

("Deutsche Kapitalisten?" comes the dry, abbreviated echo of the interpreter.)

"Göring, Krupp, Stinnes. . . ."

"What feeling of Russian history do you have?"

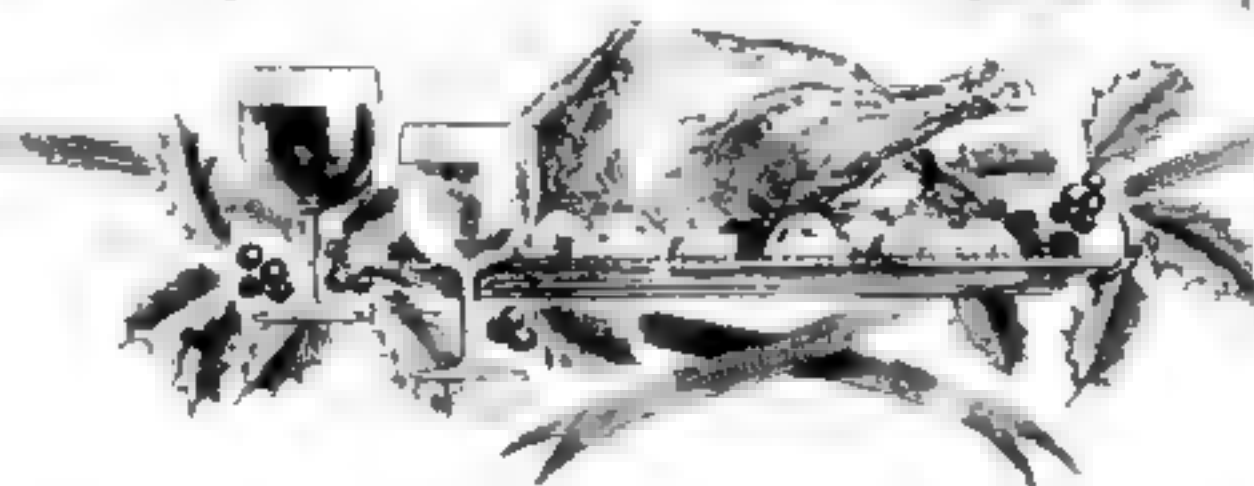
"It is very exciting and interesting, above all in that it shows the workers' rise to the top along the Marxist-Leninist path."

The MVD lieutenant, Heinrich found, was an interesting character himself. A stout, glowering man, the prisoners called him the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

This Holiday Season

when there's a warmhearted welcome
in every home...when folks sit down
to the year's finest eating...



Bring out the wines America likes best ...the **WINES** of California

Wherever friends gather around wine and food, seven out of eight American families who serve wine choose the mellow wines of California's sunny vineyards. Try them at your house this Christmas

SET OUT fragrant Sherry to greet your guests. Serve hearty California Burgundy or golden Sauterne at holiday-time dinners. And in the evening pour small glassfuls of Port wine for folks to enjoy with refreshments.

Each of these, you'll find, is a way to bring extra pleasure to your entertaining. And particularly so

when you serve *California* wines. For they are the wines America likes best—chosen, in fact, by seven out of eight American families who enjoy wine.

Nowhere in the world do wine grapes grow better than in the soils and climate of California. Here Palomino and Muscat, Zinfandel and Riesling—over 125 varieties in all—ripen to full flavor and sweetness each year.

And each year nature turns the pure juice of these grapes into wines. Mellowed under the care of skilled vintners, these California wines are yours to enjoy. You can do that often now—for prices are low. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco, suggests you write for the free booklet, "Easy Entertaining with Wine."



NOTHING IS EASIER THAN TO SERVE WINE

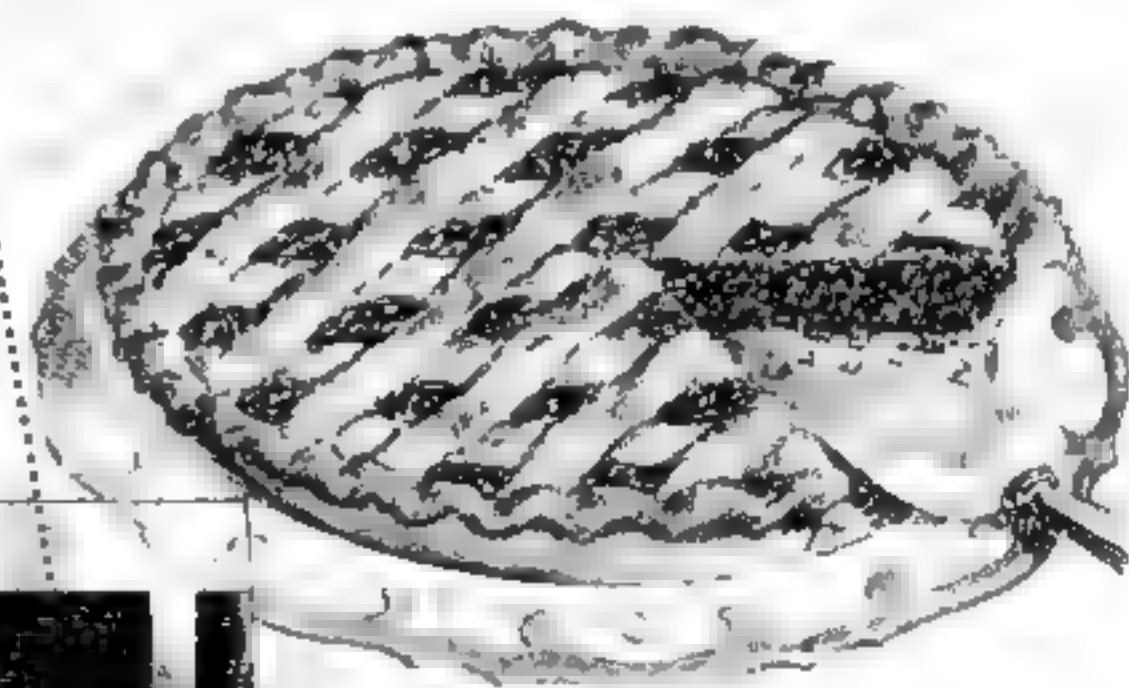
Wine has the same good taste from any glass. Even a water tumbler is "correct" glassware in which to serve your wine.

You fill glasses right from the bottle. After you open the bottle, Sherry and Port keep almost indefinitely. Table wines like Burgundy and Claret, or Sauterne and Chablis will keep in your refrigerator

THEY COST SO LITTLE

The wine you like best is the right wine to serve. Red wines like Burgundy and Claret are grand with red meats. White wines like Sauterne and Chablis do most for lighter meats or fish. And you'll find California Port tastes wonderful with desserts, fruit, cheese or nuts

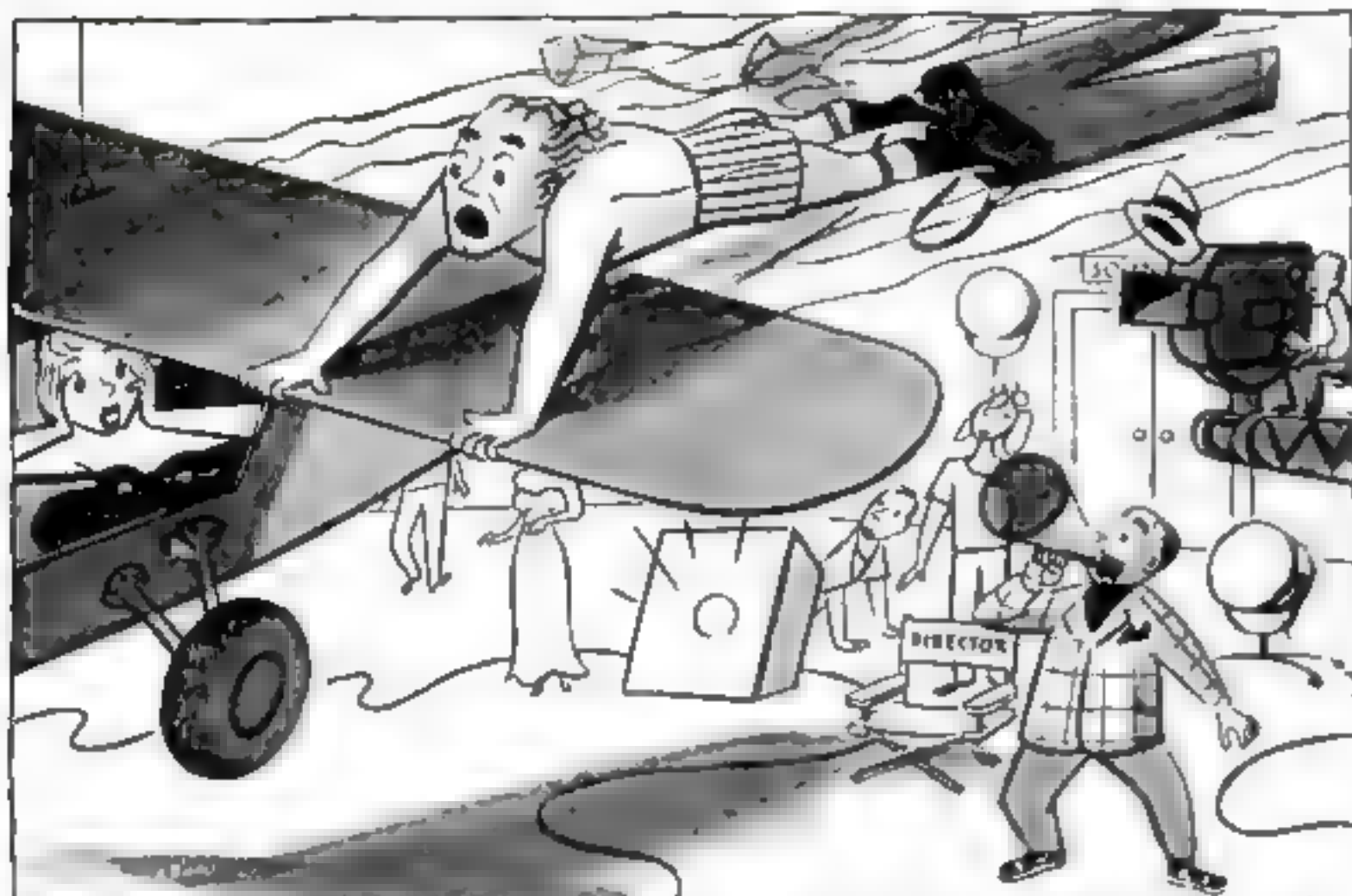
...AND ADD SO MUCH



Wonderful way to end a dinner. With your dessert and coffee, set out small glassfuls of California's velvety Port wine. And listen to folks say, "Um-m—a perfect dinner!"



GREAT MOMENTS and the moment after BY GRESSLEY-



"Lights... camera... action! Steady, Harry! That's it... cut! Hey... the wind-machine whipped off your clothes like they were leaves! It's a lucky break your shorts stayed on! How come???"



"It's not luck. You can thank my lovely wife here for that. She's smart enough to always buy me shorts with stay-put GRIPPER* fasteners on 'em. Gripper fasteners won't pop off... and they're laundry-proof and rust-proof, too!"

FOR GREATER CONVENIENCE...NEATER
APPEARANCE...BUY CHILDREN'S CLOTHING...HOUSE
DRESSES...MEN'S SHORTS (CONVENTIONAL OR
ELASTIC BAND TYPE)...WITH GRIPPER* FASTENERS...
THE LAUNDRY-PROOF SNAP FASTENERS THAT
END "BUTTON BOTHER"!

Also available at notion counters for home attachment.

GRIPPER*
© by Scovill Mfg. Co.
FASTENERS

A PRODUCT OF SCOVILL



NIGHTLY ORGIES of Ukrainian girl workers and Red guards and civilians took place in separate wing of the prison, in full view of most of the prisoners.

PRISONER CONTINUED

"fox"—for his profession, not his physique. He had a hard time financing his insatiable thirst for vodka, so regular camp routine demanded that any prisoner being punished for some offense must first pass through the MVD office to surrender all money in his possession to the thirsty lieutenant. Late at night Heinrich often found Markin wandering around the top floor of the mill, very drunk and looking for a prisoner to lend him some extra rubles; he was curiously scrupulous about repaying these loans. One day Heinrich, ordered to bring the lieutenant some firewood, got a chance to see how the MVD officer, his wife and two children lived. In a two-story building for officers, their apartment consisted of one room about 9 by 12 feet and a kitchen half that size. "There was filth everywhere," Heinrich recalls, "cabbage and briquettes and dried fish thrown together in the little space below the stove, straw mattresses, a chest of drawers nailed together from cheap wood crates. The only item of luxury was the radio—which we had pieced together in the camp and Markin had confiscated. There were no water taps anywhere—just one outside the building for all the apartments. In front, too, was the privy—just a shack over a hole in the ground, and the shack was moved around whenever the hole was full. In Markin's room, though it was broad daylight, the one electric bulb that hung from the ceiling burned brightly. There were no switches in the room, I noticed. Since electricity was free in Stalingrad, nobody ever thought of turning off his light. Seeing that room under this ghostly light, I could understand why Markin decided so many nights to sleep on the floor in his office. I realized, too, with almost a touch of sympathy for Markin, that you had to be much more important than an MVD lieutenant ever to have one of the more decent apartments in the buildings we PWs were finishing."

So passed the years of peace—1945, 1946, 1947. "We cracked bricks and stole bricks. We built some good apartments for UWSR 307 and did a lot of profitable black-marketing for our Russian bosses and guards. We had occasional tussles with the *shutkatour* girls, despite the awful stench of their perfume and the risk of punishment if we were caught, as a couple of us were. Warily we sang foolish sentimental songs about home and envied the sick who got there—until there were only a little more than 300 of us left. After a year of peace the Russian attitude toward us changed—late in 1946. Apparently they decided that 'morale building' had been a failure, that it had been too gentle. They introduced what they called the *Natshalnik* regime—more guards, tighter discipline, no dancing on the sixth floor and the system of 'all men to spy on all men.'"

New faces, old stories

OCCASIONALLY new faces came to take the place of the old in the prisoners' ranks. They were fresh captives or prisoners who had been shuttled back and forth from one camp to another through the Soviet Union. "All their stories," Heinrich recalls, "were of the same pattern as ours. Only the scenes were different—less devastated than Stalingrad usually—but Russian life everywhere seemed the same."

The road back for Heinrich began with a turn so sudden that at first he did not recognize it. It came in the first week of August this year with a peremptory summons to Lieutenant Markin's drab little office. The interview was mystifying, as Markin's low voice purred on:

"You are from the Soviet sector of Berlin?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

Shop once...and for all



How about that old friend?

He's sure to welcome a bottle or two of Guild California Sherry... a beautiful, golden-hued wine with a distinctive nut-like flavor... just right to sip at slippers-and-pipe time.

It's great for a great aunt!

Don't let that lorgnette fool you. You'll win her heart of gold with a gift of Guild Muscatel. She'll take to its sweet, delicate flavor... the way she takes to lavender and old lace!



Soften up that tough boss!

He has his mellow moments too... moments when he'll really enjoy ruby red Guild California Port... rich, full-bodied with a fruity flavor and aroma... as luxurious as his 50-cent cigars!

Look for the Big Red Man on the Guild Case

This Christmas remember—Guild Wine cuts the high cost of giving. A case of Guild makes 12 fine gifts you'll be proud to send.



Guild Wine

Made the skilled way...the Guild way
WINE GROWERS GUILD - LODI, CALIFORNIA

PRISONER CONTINUED

and act in all ways for the unity of Germany and against the Western enemies."

"Serr gutt, serr gutt . . . will you sign a contract to work for the People's Police of the new democratic Germany? . . . Gutt . . . here is paper. Write the following. . ."

Heinrich bent over the paper and obediently scrawled his "petition" to Lieutenant Colonel Perikoff, MVD officer for the Stalingrad area: "I humbly beg Lieutenant Colonel Perikoff to approve my application to enter the ranks of the German People's Police. I make this application because I have come to the conclusion that if Germany is to maintain order and live in peace, it must have a new democratic People's Police. I am ready to give all my strength in the new People's Police to help create a united and peaceful Germany."

Three hundred men went through the same motions as Heinrich that night. For the next four weeks they had clean barracks and good food, physical drill, four hours daily of political indoctrination (which had nothing to do with police work). But they moved no closer to Germany. The delay was not part of a plan. Soviet official machinery simply kept jamming its gears, and the MVD officers cursed their Moscow superiors. First the prisoners' papers had to be sent to Moscow for checking. Then the freight cars that were to transport them were delayed. When the freight cars arrived, their papers had been lost in Moscow. When the papers were found, approved and returned, the axles of several of the freight cars had to be repaired. Then there was the weird business of the "tattoos": the MVD not only indoctrinated and deloused the men but examined their bodies minutely. Three men were finally excluded from the group: two had scars from some kind of gland secretion, the third was a blacksmith who'd been scarred on the arm by an iron spark. The MVD disqualified them because the scars betrayed "the SS tattoos" they had burned out: the Russians would accept no one even remotely suspected of SS connections for police duty.

The great journey began at last on Sept. 19. For nine days the boxcars rumbled across the Russian plains, grinding to a halt every four or five hours to allow the weary men "to fertilize the earth," as one of the guards happily put it. At every important junction the Communist orators on the train swung down and changed boxcars; each had a standard specialized lecture, so that every car got a full "course" from their hoarse-voiced tutors. As far as Orel there were less than 300 in the strange migration, but more and more boxcars were picked up from there on: at Saratov another 300 men; at Minsk, 400 more from the camps around Gorki; and on the ninth day, when they reached Brest Litovsk, the Moscow train with more than 800 prisoners was waiting to be coupled to theirs.

Death of a sweet dream

EARLY in October they reached Frankfurt an der Oder, the great dumping ground for PWs from Russia. The men quickly learned it was also like a great mobilization center. Though their train arrived late at night, they were immediately put through brisk, thorough military routine. First came the delousing station; then fresh underwear and hot food; then the final MVD cross-examination, more exhaustive than all previous. Then the matter of assignment: "Your wife is in the western section of Berlin? You can't stay there. In the first place, the American MPs arrest all the People's Police they find. In the second place, there is widespread starvation there, you know. You'll have a fortnight's leave in Berlin but then you'll go to Thuringia—plenty of food there for everyone." Then the civilian with his party (SED) membership forms: "I don't need to worry about your political education—you men have seen for yourselves what a workers' republic means. . . . Fill this out and sign at the bottom." Heinrich signed—and the first shuddering awareness of reality went through him. This was Germany, no longer the sweet, distant dream of home. Germany was the Soviet police force, the workers' republic, the signature on a Communist party membership card, the brisk orders of the Soviet lieutenant assigning him to Thuringia, the silly smirk of the Communist . . . "you men have seen. . . ."

Next morning Heinrich and his comrades were herded on the train for Fürstenwalde, the great assembly camp for the Soviet zone's police army. The journey was long and slow, lasting well after dark—and the strangest thing the men saw was that there was but a single track all the way along the main line. What had happened to the railroad in this German workers' paradise? "That," remembers Heinrich, "was the first thing that shocked even the convinced Communists. Most of them had shrugged when one of us pointed to heaps of German machines we had seen by the tracks at various stops in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

HOLLYWOOD ROGUE



**the perfect
last-minute gift!**

Forget to get a gift for Bill? Don't worry about it! Run out, right now, and pick up a Hollywood *Rogue* sport shirt, by *B.V.D.* He'll love it. 'Cause it's roomy, relaxing, smart-looking and comfortable!

"Next to myself I like *B.V.D.* best!"

B.V.D.
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Delightful Dilemma



Which
do you
choose?

Aged for
years in oaken
casks, mellow
mild, soft
and gentle.
15¢



These products of
P. Lorillard, Co.
also available
in Canada.

Rare nut-sweet
flavor, full-
bodied aroma,
taken from
a grand
old "recipe."
25¢



FINAL EXAMINATION is given Heinrich by MVD officer before departure for Germany. In background an official examines prisoner for SS tattoos.

PRISONER CONTINUED

"Ja, Treptow." (A half-truth: he was from a corner of Treptow in the American sector.)

"Your name . . . birth date . . . marriage. . . ." The oddly routine questions came in dreary succession, till suddenly Markin snapped: "You know that your army unit committed great atrocities during the war against the Soviet!"

Heinrich was not caught off guard. He replied instantly: "No, never while I belonged to it."

Markin bore in relentlessly, "Stop it. We know it, and we know one man who took part in them—you. We have exact details from another prisoner from your division. Admit it and stop fooling."

Heinrich stood firm. Baffled as to the purpose of this onslaught, he instinctively knew it to be a test. As harshly as he dared, he retorted, "It is not true. I have been a prisoner for five years now. If you had proof of any such thing, you would not have waited till today."

Markin looked satisfied. He dropped the subject entirely.

"What was your trade?"

"Driver."

"You want to be a driver again when you go back?"

"Yes."

"What if you are told to find some other work, that you cannot be a driver?"

"I don't care as long as I can make a living to support my family."

"That is all."

And there was nothing more till the sultry afternoon of Aug. 12. It was almost 5 o'clock when he trudged, weary and sweaty, toward the guardhouse at the camp gate. "I looked up" Heinrich said, "and saw our battalion leader, a fat little dentist who spoke perfect Russian. 'Come up at once!' he bellowed. I raced up, not knowing what was the matter. 'You live in Berlin, don't you?' he asked. I nodded vaguely. 'Well, we're going home together. We start tonight.' I couldn't reply or ask for explanations. I fell back on my bunk and stared at the ceiling and let the tears run wildly down my cheeks. 'Get your things together,' he said, and walked away."

Hans becomes a policeman

THAT evening Hans Heinrich ceased to be a prisoner of war and became a soldier of the Communist International. At the grain mill he turned in his blankets and extra shoes. With his last rubles he bought 10 packs of cigarets. He stuffed his pockets with scraps of paper on which he had written the scores to his favorite Russian songs. He exchanged a few last hysterically ribald jokes with his comrades.

A Red army truck picked them up. It arrived already crowded with prisoners from the seven other camps in the area. Swiftly it roared through Stalingrad's dark streets, weaving its way to a screeching stop before a dimly lit shack beside the railroad tracks. It was 10:30. Inside the shack four MVD officers and their interpreters gave Heinrich and his comrades a curt 15-minute cross-examination. Standard question: "How can a democratic Germany be built?" Standard answer (confident and unhesitating): "To build a new democratic Germany we must socialize all means of production as in the Soviet Union, carry out sweeping land reform

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Giving and Receiving

SINCE 1746 . . .
the famous **WHITE
HORSE*** has added
joyous remembrance
and cheer to
traditional
holiday
merriment.



WHITE HORSE
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

86.8 Proof. Brown-Verne Co., Inc.
New York, N.Y. Sole Distributors



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Good things happen over Coffee...



Iced or hot,
It has the cheer
Of Christmas in it
All the year!

When the world spun on a candy stick
And lollipops bloomed in the snow ...
What did *you* leave for Santa Claus
Back in that not so long ago?

And now as Christmas Carols play
And toyland fantasies appear ...
Over the coffee, you may find
That pathway back to yesteryear.



WANT TO MAKE DELICIOUS COFFEE? For Standard Coffee Measure and complete directions for brewing coffee by all methods, simply send 10¢ to Pan-American Coffee Bureau, P. O. Box 78, New York 8, N. Y.



Look for this Seal of Recommendation on the Coffee Maker you buy.



"Nice to be in a home where *everyone's* so well treated!"

Comes again the festive season...
time of friendly firesides... Time of
generous good cheer... when you wrap that
gay gift carton of matchlessly mellow Calvert Reserve
...and mark it for Bill... or Dad... or Uncle Ed.
Calvert Reserve!... *there's* a gladsome greeting
you'd like to *get* as well as *give*.
We call it "the season's best"... to you.



Clear Heads *Switch* to
Calvert Reserve
"the choicest you can give or serve"

CHOICE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS...CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



Toast made from enriched bread (the kind a baker bakes) gives you the energy you need to start the day off right.

YOU NEED SOMETHING THAT A BAKER MAKES to make each meal complete



THE BREAD that helps balance your diet helps balance your budget, too!

Penny for penny, it gives you more of the things your body needs—more generously—than any other food you eat at every meal.

And bread is *no more fattening*, according to nutritionists, than any other food that gives you equal energy.

So—*eat more bread!* Eat it for *energy*. Eat it for *economy*. Eat it for *enjoyment*—the enjoyment that you get from *all* the good things that a baker bakes for you.



THE BAKERS OF AMERICA

... who do your baking for you with the same high quality ingredients you would use; bake fresh daily with the same care you would take.

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Doughnuts, Sweet Rolls and Coffee Cake are other wholesome, nourishing breakfast treats that start your day the *energy* way! Enjoy them often. And to *double* your enjoyment—to treat yourself to leisure time as well as wonderfully good eating—*buy them baked!*

You are eating a delicious combination of these good foods when you eat bakery foods. That's why you need something that a baker makes to make each meal completely *satisfying*; completely *nourishing*!



"GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS," by Douglass Crookwell. Number 21 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION





BOXCAR LECTURE on their duties as members of new police army in the Soviet zone of Germany is given Heinrich and other prisoners on way home.

PRISONER CONTINUED

Russia—machines rusting and wasting because no one seemed to know what to do with them. But this was different."

The scene that first night on the camp grounds in the depths of the Fürstenwalde is etched deep in Heinrich's memory. It was 10 p. m. when the men tumbled from their train. Great spotlights played on the ground, made an eerie backdrop of the forest. Red flags hung on all sides. A band blared *Bruder zur Sonne* (Brothers, Onward to the Sun), its last notes echoing through the dark trees. There was a formal speech of welcome from someone representing the Ministry of the Interior. Then the first German woman the men had seen: a burly, blond policewoman who read an unknown, sentimental poem, the gist of which was that although wives and children were waiting there was hard work to be done to rebuild a true people's democracy. Microphones and loudspeakers sent the rhyming words resounding through the forest. At last came the serious cry-to-arms from a trim young police officer. "The workers of Germany," he cried, "are proud to put arms into the hands of you activists who have been so thoroughly prepared for your tasks in the Soviet Union. . . . There must be a strong arm to protect every lathe and machine in our land; only then will the worker be safe from his mortal enemies. . . . Are you ready to take up the fight for a free Germany? Are you ready to give your whole being to the cause of the workers and their Socialist Unity party? Are you ready to fight—with weapons in your hands if need be?" Cries of "*Jawohl*" filled the night. But many were stunned and silent. "I could have closed my eyes and believed this was a night in Berlin 10 years ago," Heinrich thought. "I had been in Germany three days—I was being told to make ready for a new war."

Hans chooses freedom

ON Saturday, Oct. 8, Hans Heinrich finally left for Berlin to begin his fortnight's leave. The train had departed early in the morning, but it was dark by the time he saw the outlines of Berlin on the flat plains ahead. He had changed from his uniform to civilian clothing on the train. Now he descended into the ruined streets of Berlin, took an elevated to Treptow and then walked slowly to his old apartment. It was in the American sector, but only five battered doors from the Russian sector line. "When I saw what was left of our building, for an awful moment I thought I was back in Stalin-grad."

He climbed the three flights of stairs, knocked three times at the door. Inside Ursel, his wife, a pale, frail little woman, was putting Joachim to bed. Ursel answered the door. Joachim came yelping out of the bedroom, and Heinrich saw his 7-year-old son for the first time. They spent the evening and the early morning hours sitting around the rickety table in the center of the room. There was no way of cooking a meal to celebrate since Berlin's gas was turned off at these hours. Joachim and his father worked hard under the candlelight with Joachim's crayons. They drew *Ami-fitzers* (American jeeps). Then Hans drew trains—great, long trains with scores of boxcars that stretched across pages and pages till Joachim couldn't control his laughter. Ursel frowned soberly, and Hans smiled wryly at a memory as he fingered the X-shaped scar by his left eye.

But it was difficult to draw well by the wavering candlelight. And in an odd flashback of memory Heinrich thought: it isn't like Stalin-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"NINETY-FIVER" KAYWOODIE, \$20
 Kaywoodie is the favorite of most smokers, and "Ninety-Fiver's" beauty and smoking quality are sure to please.

KAYWOODIE MEERSCHAUM HOLDERS, \$5. These holders prevent tobacco tars from reaching the mouth and throat. Kaywoodie Meerschaum has a beautiful velvety finish, acquires rich brown color with use. Meerschaum is fossilized shells of sea animals, millions of years old.

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 The two Kaywoodies are carefully matched in grain. Greatly admired among pipe-smokers these pipes become steady companions. See them at dealers.

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2 Pair for 98¢

Each pair in attractive cellophane package. If your favorite store does not have Mit-Clips, mail the coupon below.



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Box 323, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me pairs of Mit-Clips at 2 pair for 98¢. I enclose \$1 for each 2 pair, which includes postage and handling.

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PRISONER CONTINUED

grad after all. There is no electric light bulb, as in Markin's room, hanging from a wire in the center of the ceiling.

I spent many nights listening to Heinrich's whole story. This last night, long after Berlin's lights had been dimmed, we again sat by candlelight at the table. Heinrich had made his important decision—the decision not to report to the Soviet police in Thuringia. He was not in hiding, and he still lived near the Russian sector. He had not, as yet, found a job.

"Why did I decide not to go back?" he repeated my question. "There are many reasons, of course. But perhaps the most important thing was that no one here—not even Ursel—felt they had to argue me into staying. She was not shocked when I told her I had signed for duty with the Soviet police, nor surprised either when I said I wasn't very happy about it. She simply said, 'This is something you'll have to decide for yourself—and all of us.' The first 10 days I was here I talked to dozens of people—old friends, the tailor, the butcher, the parish priest. None of them tried to harangue me; the most anyone said was, 'It shouldn't be hard to decide.' Of course it wasn't. But it is a long, long time since anyone said to Hans Heinrich, 'You decide, it's your business, it's your life.'"

The room was cold. A chunk of plaster fell from the corner of one damp wall. In the next room Joachim turned noisily in a bad dream. I had only one last casual question but, before asking it, I was trying to decide what I thought of Hans Heinrich.

He was not a hero. He was certainly not a great tragic figure nor an unusually sensitive man. He was a simple man, of modest talents and modest education and intelligence. He was factually, literally honest and straightforward; he talked of the Russian people without dissimulation or venom. But there was never a suggestion in his words that he realized, much less worried, that perhaps he and his comrades in once victorious arms had helped compound the misery of the Russian people. There was no contrition here; there was only fatigue, vague sorrow, a kind of listless melancholy. But was this all?

I asked him finally, "Does Berlin remind you of Stalingrad?"

There was a long pause before he answered:

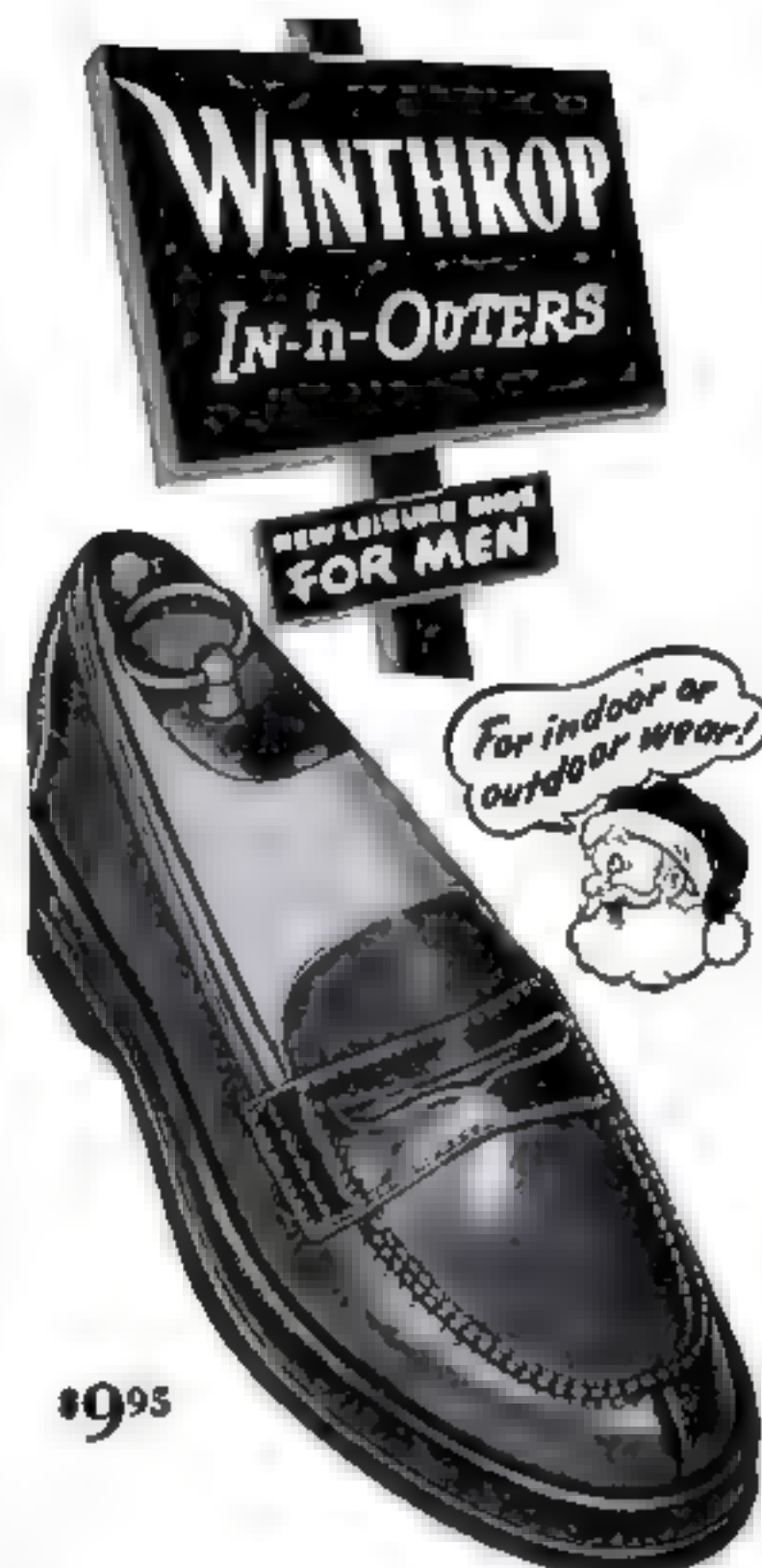
"Yes. But perhaps not the way you think. Of course the ruins are much the same—that is why I was not very much surprised when Ursel and I took our first walk. Ruins look alike, all alike.

"But there's something else. They taught us at the grain mill that Stalingrad, even though it was ruined, meant the end of the fascists. I don't know whether that was true, but I guess so. I don't quite understand all that was evil about fascism—I mean exactly why. I only know like everyone else that it was bad.

"Well, it's the same way today. I can't tell you exactly why communism is evil. I only know it is. I have seen the evil myself. And Berlin—this is the battlefield now, isn't it? Maybe this can be another Stalingrad for something evil. That isn't my own thought. Somebody—I don't remember who it was—said that to me. I think maybe that is true."



FAMILY AND FREEDOM are found by Heinrich in Berlin's U.S. sector. While his wife looks on, he amuses his young son with picture of Soviet train.



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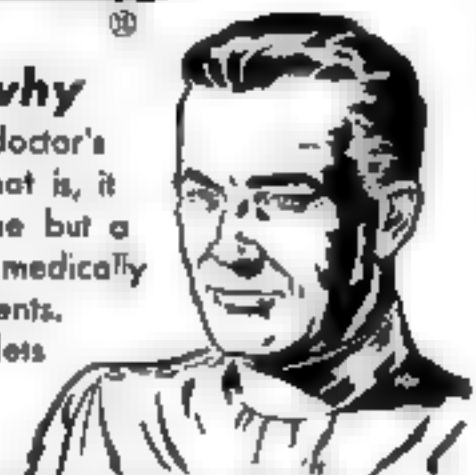
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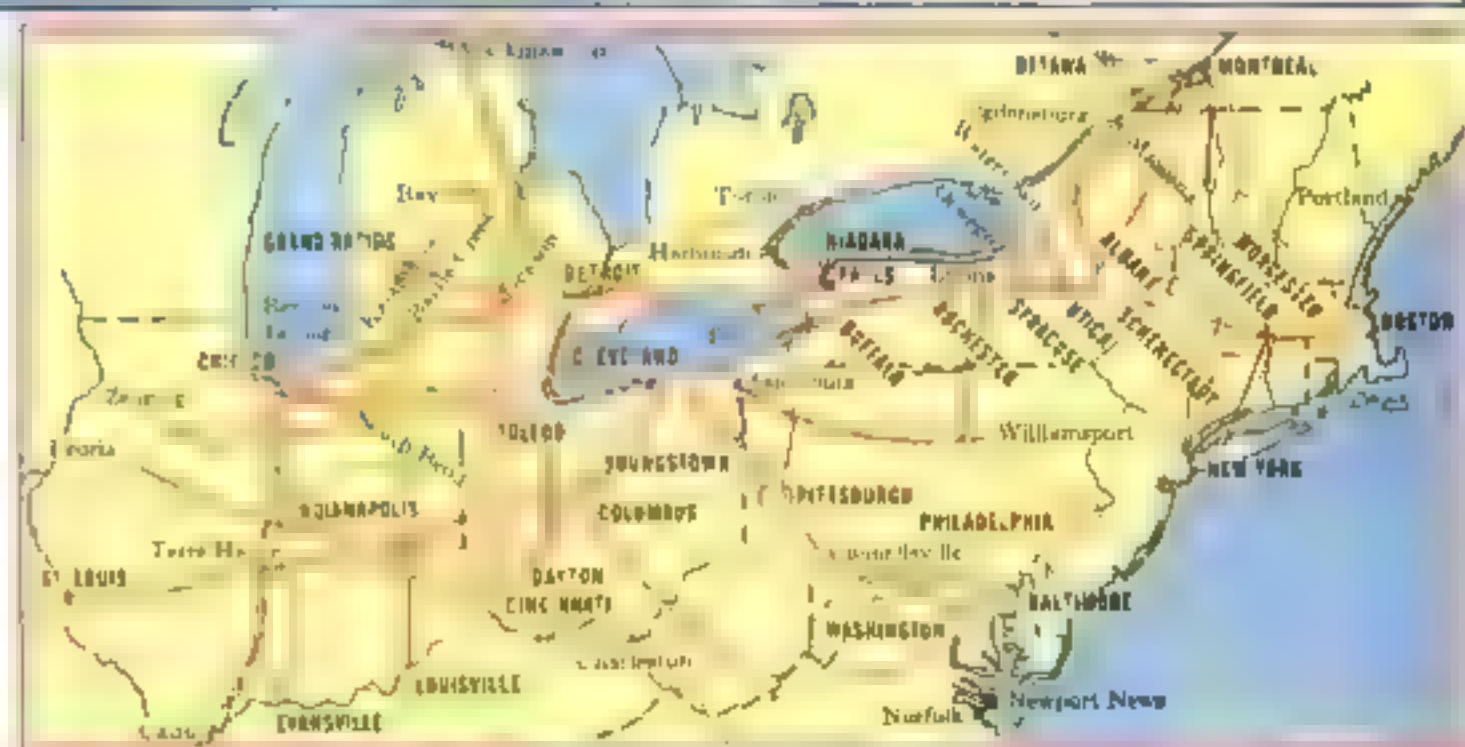
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The Star of Hope...



Light is the eternal symbol of Christmas. For after the last Christmas decoration has been taken down and the last string of Christmas tree lamps has been laid away, there is always the Star of Bethlehem to remind us that peace on earth, good will toward men is a crusade whose high purpose knows no Season.

So this Christmas time, let us resolve to keep The Spirit of Christmas alive throughout the year . . . Let each of us make the tiny sparkling lights on his tree a symbol of his dedication to the way of those uncounted millions for whom peace and good will have no calendar . . . whose eyes are ever lifted to the Star . . . *the Star of Hope*

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A Membership Corporation composed of more than 20 manufacturers of Christmas Lighting Equipment



FACING A FISHBOWL in Bimbo's, a popular nightclub in San Francisco, eager patrons concentrate on trying to figure out what is going on inside it.

WHAT DO THEY SEE?

Surprising fishbowls fascinate nightclubbers

The engrossed watchers above are intent on the same thing. They are peering into one of the two goldfish bowls which for 16 years, with slight modifications, have been the main attractions in a thriving San Francisco nightclub called Bimbo's 365 Club. To a stranger who walks into Bimbo's, the antics of the regular customers often prove more unnerving than the fishbowls themselves. Bimbo's regulars not only spend a lot of time gazing into the bowls but they also talk to them. They have been overheard saying, "Give us a smile!" and "Aw, come on and wave!" Bimbo's patrons also ask, "How do you suppose they do that?" To all such queries Bimbo's Mr. Bimbo (whose real name is Agostino Giuntoli) merely smiles wisely, leaving the customers no choice but to return night after night until they either solve the problem or just give it up. To see what they are looking at turn the page.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLER

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BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY

*Arrow Blackberry Flavored Brandy is America's biggest seller according to official figures of McClellan's Service Exchange, Washington, D.C. for the last complete calendar year (based on 17 representative states.)

*The Rage
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*For that special
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measure of truly good
taste, serve straight
or in a highball.*

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of the Arrow Family . . .*

Arrow Peach Flavored Brandy, 70 proof
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ARROW BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY, 70 PROOF . . . ARROW LIQUEURS CORP., DETROIT 7, MICH.



BIMBO'S BIG ATTRACTION IS A NUDE GIRL WHO SEEMS TO BE SWIMMING IN A FISHBOWL. THE GIRL, WHO IS REAL, IS ACTUALLY HIDDEN UNDER BAR (BELOW LEFT)



THE GIRL is lighted up by floodlights in a room below the bar. Her reflection is projected into the bowls by the use of mirrors. She works 10 minutes out of every hour.



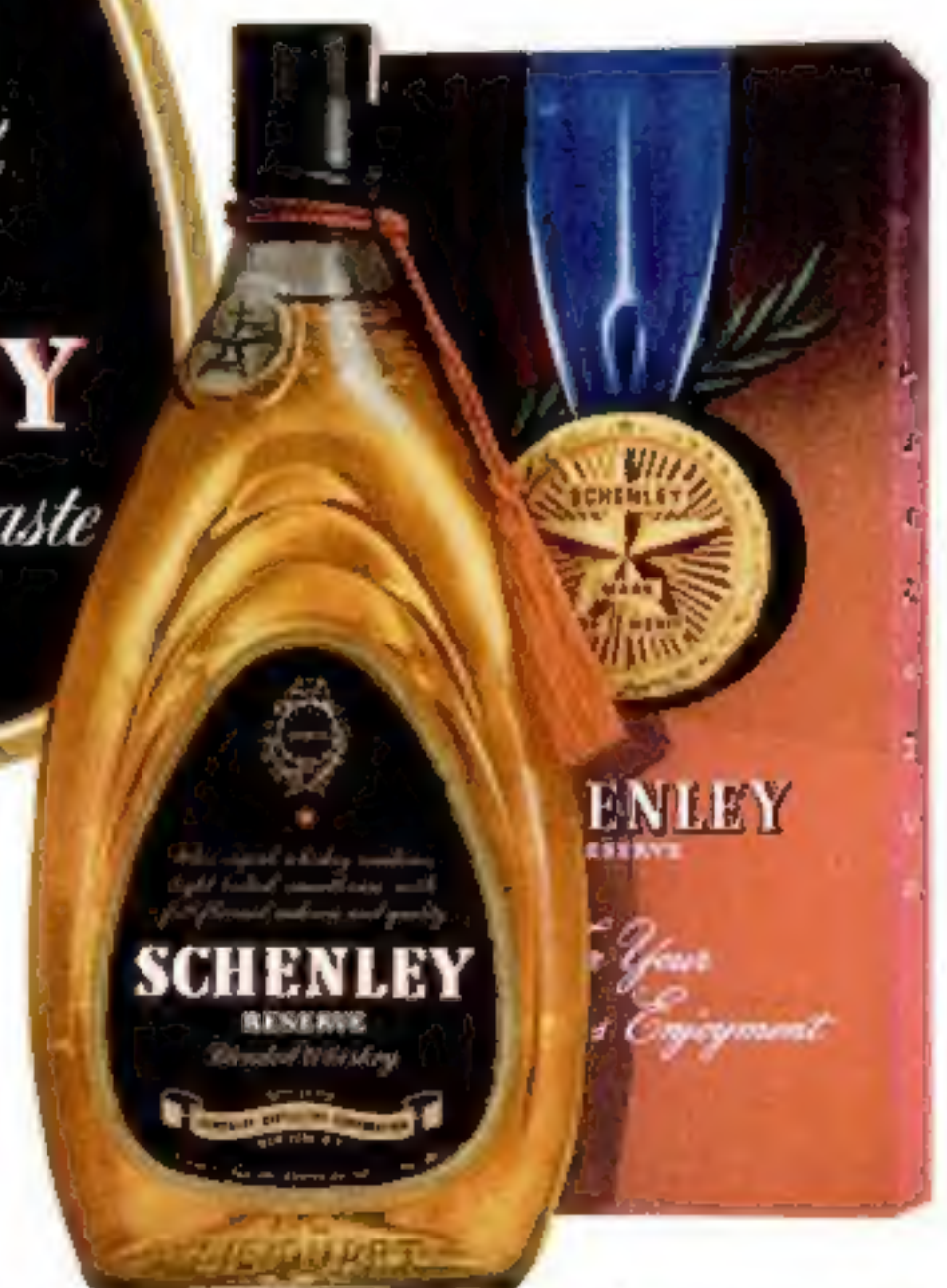
THE CUSTOMERS look like this to the girl when she looks up. She sees their reflections in the same mirrors through which they see her. She also can hear their remarks.

When day is done...good friends deserve

SCHENLEY

At holiday time,
when candles gleam on
paneled walls and heirloom
silver, and friends you love
gather for the festive occasion
...nothing so perfectly expresses
the friendliness of the season,
for gift or guest, as
mild, friendly Schenley—
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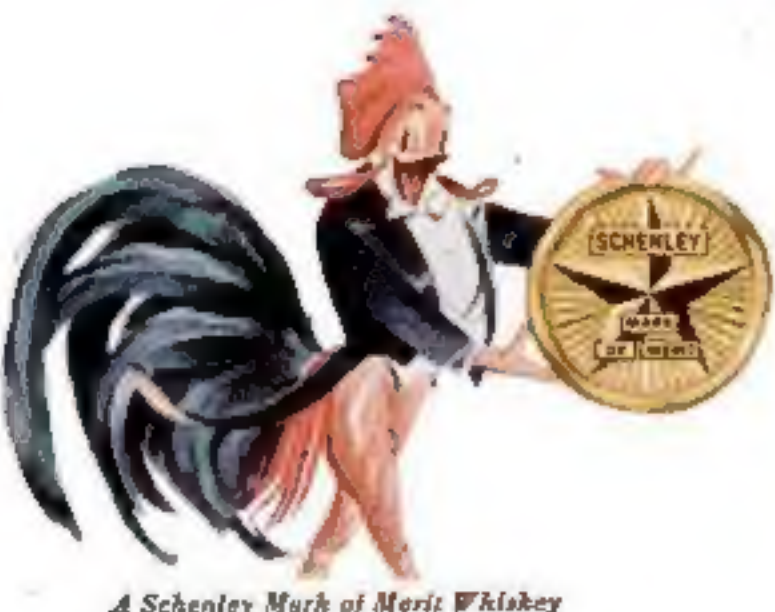
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